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ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 9 No. 4 35p

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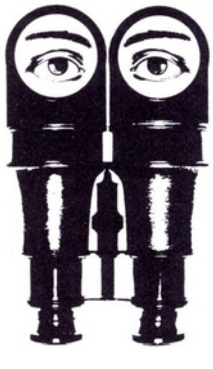
New Quest survey

SLAUGHTER ON SPY-GLASS HILL

UNEARTHED: BAWDY MEMOIRS OF A GENTLEMAN OF PLEASURE

SCENE



Mayfair Magazine,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

We start this issue with a heartfelt 'thank you' to you, the reader. In our February issue we told you how we faced one of the greatest and most insidious threats to our existence – in the form of Mr. Robert Carr's Indecent Display Bill.

It was a Bill we heartily favoured – in principle. Mr. Carr's *original* avowed intent to rid our streets of the most blatant and offensive forms of sex display was a laudable one. But it soon became clear that what could be considered offensive under the proposed Bill went far beyond that original statement – even to the walls of the soldier's barrack room on official visit days. We asked you to write to your MP to ensure that the Bill was rejected. The response, quite frankly, has been staggering. We've received carbons of letters to Parliament from all walks of life, from the landed and the landless, the professional and the pensioner. Concern for the plight of *Mayfair* – now Britain's third biggest-selling monthly magazine – cuts across every strata of class, creed or colour. However, the announcement of a General Election put a different complex on everything. All Bills in the pipeline were automatically dropped – and the Indecent Display Bill was one of these.

So for now, all is well. It remains to be seen, however, whether it will be revived.

If the Bill does reappear unchanged we hope that reason and good judgement will temper its excesses. If they do – as they should in any responsible society – it will be in large part because you, the reader, bothered to make your true opinions felt. That, we think, is what democracy is all about.

Just in case any readers are expecting an April Fool's day jape in this issue we assure you that there is none. Nothing deliberate, at any rate. We do have a humorous saga of Victorian naughtiness the original text of which, according to the raconteur, he stumbled across between an ancient copy of *Bradshaw's* railway timetable. Along this train of thought we lined up Ronald Cobb to illustrate some of the adventures so colourfully described. There are also, of course, a few gems under the Gentlemen That Reminds Me heading along with the customary rash of cartoons.

There are again five girls in this issue. Centre girl Nicky gives ample representation to the teenage contingent and her four April companions combine to give a flavour of summer to our pages which has brightened us up considerably.

On a patriotic note, Bill Boddy takes a look at the fortunes of TVR, one of the small number of all-British motor manufacturers left in business.

Second Opinion, now in its fourth month, deals with some more readers' questions. This unique service has developed very quickly and the response to it has been even more brisk than we, or Dr Charles Vintner himself, had ever imagined. But we still hope, of course, that as many readers as possible will take advantage of Second Opinion.

On seafaring subjects Thames' barges are featured in a photographic essay. Elegance is not a word that would normally be associated with these vessels but, under full sail, they are impressive indeed.

On a parting note of levity Carrie goes golfing and recalls that splendid joke of the Rolls-Royce owner who has a boy wash his car while he plays a round. Returning and finding the car gleaming he gives the boy a 50p piece and drops two tees while doing so. The boy asks what they are. 'They're tees – I put my balls on them before I drive off' the man explains. 'Wow, Rolls-Royce think of everything,' retorts the lad.

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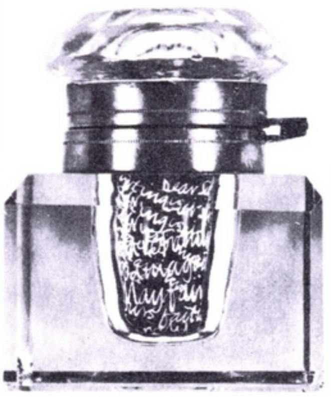
LETTERS



This is where we invite you to add to the controversy and the anecdote of Mayfair. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

After seeing your plumbers' parts in Vol. 8 No. 1 I was amused to spot the following advert in the magazine 'Computing':

'1900 Programmers and Anal Programmers Salaries £1,950 to £2,750.'

D. S. King, Cottesmore Avenue Kettering, Northants.

I have just purchased Vol. 9 No. 2 and feel that I must put pen to paper in order to agree with J. Johnson, Lancashire who wrote asking to see more girls in their underwear or in mini skirts. Your presentation of Jennifer Forbush makes her by far the best girl to have appeared in *Mayfair* since Madeleine Drew in Vol. 8 No. 4.

Please have at least one of your girls each month presented like this – if only to satisfy myself and J. Johnson! And how about having the occasional girl in uniform (police woman, air hostess, school girl etc.) gradually losing her garments to finally bare all. I'm sure that would be appreciated by your readers too.

J. Lamb, Falkner Street, Liverpool

Perhaps our schoolgirl Nicky will fit the bill this month.

As a motorsportsman and ex-rallyist in England and Canada for the past 23 years I feel I'm well acquainted with the writings of WB, but I must say that I considered his opinions of the Datsun 240Z (Vol. 8 No. 8) somewhat pathetically paternalistic in view of the cold and hard facts of the business. In 1965 when I was a serious rallyist I had a ride in a 1200 cc Datsun in a 1000 mile rally and knew at once that I had found what I was looking for. By 1966 a friend (Don Lamont) and I had persuaded Datsun to enter a team into our longest rally, going 4,200 miles from Vancouver to Quebec City. Though we didn't do well the writing was on the wall. In 1967 we won the Manufacturer's Team prize in the same rally, Datsun gaining first, second and fourth positions and coming third overall. Since then Japanese cars have gone from one victory to another and their sales figures have gone up like a thermometer at the Equator. Over the same period British sales figures have gone to rock bottom; even the demise of the once popular Cortina has just been announced. The reasons are very simple. Through managerial inefficiency and labour sloppiness many British products have become poison to the motor market: badly designed, unsuitable heaps of junk. The last car deserving of the name to be built in Britain was, in my opinion, the Rover 3 Litre and I fondly remember my own '75', But what good is it to have a few brilliant engineers design advanced features if those features don't appear to be properly tested, especially on location?

Having come into close contact with the Japanese during my three years on the Datsun team I have seen the fanatical devotion they put into their work and the untiring research into the constant development of their products. If they win the lion's share of the market it is because they deserve it! Instead of making patronising remarks about 'copying' etcetera, WB would be of better service to the British motor industry if he would give the whole apathetic bunch a good kick in the arse. They enjoyed a captive market here and in many other parts of the world, yet they have managed to screw up the whole show, and now they scream about the imbalance of payments.

Having been a blue collar worker in England for seven years I have a very good idea of what's going on and why there's so much grief over

there today. What Hitler couldn't do shop stewards and management have accomplished beautifully.
Ed Deak, Vancouver, Canada

I am writing to you to make a suggestion and to ask a question. My suggestion has been provoked by your pictures of that gorgeous Swedish girl Lisbeth Lindeborg (Vol. 9 No. 1). Please show her again. I am sure that many of your readers would be delighted to see her again as she is exactly the sort of Scandinavian girl that many men prefer.

This brings me to my question: Are British men as excited by girls from the north as men in Mediterranean countries are reputed to be? In France a lot of men are very 'interested' by such girls – generally the tall, blonde type with an athletic build. Perhaps these women are more exciting to us than to the British whose women are, after all, more similar to the Scandinavian women than the French are. Is this true?
Pierre Le Billan, Paris 15è

I was very interested in the letter from 'Lady Doctor' in Vol. 9 No. 1, and particularly in her comments on women's attitudes to the man's ejaculation. It is true that, unless it is intended to start a baby, the man's ejaculation is not a necessary part of the act of sex. But while it is undeniably a mess and sometimes very inconvenient, I view it as the ultimate expression of my husband's love for me. As such, I do not wish to restrain or inhibit him from ejaculating freely inside me. Indeed I find it very moving to feel him doing so. It gives me a sense of humility when my man, twice as strong as I am, flounders uncontrollably, his strength sapped by a sexual climax which is his spontaneous reaction to my body and love.

Althought we have no intention of starting a family yet I cannot forget the fact that my Jim's climax will be the moment of my inpregnation. I cannot deny, however, that when passion is spent and the cool light of day prevails, the uninhibited effusion which so flattered me can be an inconvenience, if not a liability.

We have been married for only eight months, so we are still learning and still looking for the ideal solution to this conflict. I was 21 and (almost!) a virgin when we married. I was too preoccupied by the need to avoid becoming pregnant that, when I started on the Pill three months before we were married, I innocently thought that I had solved the only problem. I suppose girls are conditioned to think that sperm deposited inside them will travel upwards and wombwards. I very soon discovered that the saying 'What goes up must come down', is as true of semen as of anything else.

I wonder if 'Lady Doctor' would be any more sympathetic to my husband than his own doctor was when I persuaded him to seek medical advice on whether there was any way to reduce his seminal flow? Jim's doctor just told him he was extremely lucky.

We shall be interested to see if 'Lady Doctor's' letter sparks off any suggestions!
Mrs A.B., Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

My wife and I both enjoyed reading Quest (Vol. 9 No. 2) on the subject of women turned on by the sight of a man's erect penis, and the thought of seeing people having sex. We have recently discovered that we are greatly excited by the thought of being the watched rather than the watcher. This was sparked off by something that happened a couple of weeks ago.

I was walking with my wife in a fairly densely wooded area near our home when we came across a man who was

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BRUT

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FOR MEN

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LETTERS

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looking very intently through some bushes at a car parked a bit off the road. The man had his trousers round his ankles and was obviously erect. In the car we could see two naked people making love. I spoke to the peeping tom and when he turned round and saw us he just pulled up his trousers and ran off as fast as he could.

We walked across to the car in which the couple were still making love. They did not see us. My wife and I were both very excited by this and we decided to come to the spot ourselves to make love with the peeping tom watching. My wife was not shy about saying how keen she was on this. So the very next day we went to the spot where the car had been and sure enough, our peeping friend was there. I knew he was because there was smoke coming from behind the bushes – he must have been having a cigarette while he waited for any sightings. My wife and I made love there and then and she was really wild in her passion because there was somebody watching. We don't mind the cold and discomfort when we go back to the spot as sex with an audience is an experience well worth making sacrifices for. We do sometimes wonder, however, who gets the most out of this – us or our peeping tom? Still, as long as everybody is happy I suppose it doesn't matter. We would like to see more letters in your columns about this subject, because we are sure that we are not alone in this respect.
(*Name and address supplied*)

As a frequent reader of your magazine and having enjoyed the TV girls in Vol. 8 No. 12, I wonder if it would be possible for you to do a set of pictures on the beautiful girl who appears in the Lambs Rum posters. Her name is Carolyn Munroe and I believe she is now in a film called 'The Golden Voyage of Sinbad'. The mind boggles at the thought of her taking off the knife strapped to her thigh and then peeling off that skin-tight black diver's suit.

As you already have so many beautiful girls, I am sure your persuasive photographers could work another miracle and give us readers even more enjoyment.
J. Beynon, Tredegar, Monmouthshire

I have read some of the letters in your columns describing the sexual experiences shared by young men and older women and I would like to add my own experience to those you have published.

I am 18 years old and have worked as a paper-boy for four years. Just before last Christmas I was making my last delivery when a woman whom I had not seen before called to me from inside the house. She asked me in to get my Christmas box and we talked for a while. She was about 30 and, I thought, quite attractive. To my surprise she asked me what I was doing that night and we had soon agreed that I would come round.

Later that night when we were sitting on the settee together she asked me if I would like to play a game. The object of the game was to get the other's clothes off first. She won. When we were both stripped she told me to take her nipples in my mouth. I did this and they immediately became hard. I was just looking forward to a good screw when she asked me if I liked baths. I was intrigued so I said I was. She led me to the bathroom, filled the bath, and in we got. We went through some amazing sexual acts which were made even more enjoyable with our bodies being slippery with soap. After this there followed a very fulfilling night in bed. In the short time I have known her she has taught me many new positions and how to use my mouth and hands to give her even greater pleasure. I can say with strong conviction to any of your younger readers that sex with an older woman is an experience which nobody should miss!
R.J.F., Durham

Like a lot of other young males I have always been fascinated by older, more mature women. For a long time now young giggly girls have bored and frustrated me. Being more inexperienced they showed no signs of interest in foreplay and wanted sex straight and on the rocks. Unfortunately my rocks were

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LETTERS

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rendered quite cold by this behaviour and I quickly lost interest.

Recently however I've had my eye on the young woman who lives with a neighbour; in fact his house backs onto mine. She is about 30 and wears incredibly short skirts and dresses when she hangs out the washing. But she only seems to wear them when I'm working in the garden. At first I thought it was coincidence but now I'm convinced it's a deliberate tease.

The other day I was working behind the shed when she came out of the house with a basket of clothes for drying, and started to hang them on the line furthest from me. From where she was standing the line was slightly out of reach so that she had to stretch up with a slight jump to catch hold of it. I couldn't help noticing the tight black panties she was wearing under her short, pale green dress. They cut in tightly over her backside so that her jumping made her crease obvious at once. For me this was too much. I put down my work and paced smartly into the shed. Taking a screwdriver from the bench I knocked out a large knot from the back wall of the shed and proceeded to peer at her for the best part of two minutes. By then she was out of my field of vision and I was as hard as a rock.

I raced out of the shed again and back to the fence where I'd been working. She had reached my end of the line by this time and we exchanged a few words. My erection must have been obvious but she just smiled as she spoke. When I said I had to go in because I'd forgotten something she gave me a very old-fashioned smile – as if she knew I was aching to relieve myself. Later that night I saw her again through her daughter's bedroom window. She was standing on a step ladder, decorating, with a roller in one hand, and wearing dirty but very tight jeans. The cheeks of her bottom looked fantastic, very round and well-defined, and I must have stood watching as she worked for at least five minutes. Then she stopped and arched her back as if something was bothering her. I ducked back behind the curtains, afraid she had realised I was there. But instead of turning she straightened up and pushed her hand down the back of her jeans to scratch herself. This pressed the material so tightly that I thought it would break. Apparently she couldn't find the spot and moved her hand round her hip, finishing up right over her private parts which she proceeded to scratch slowly, arching her back again as if she was really enjoying herself.

The sight of this brought me out in a cold sweat and it was all I could do to stop exploding. I really can't believe she didn't know I was watching, and I can hardly wait for further developments. What I want to find out is whether it is just a tease or if she genuinely wants me to make a move, since we have not yet been alone together in suitable circumstances. I wonder if other readers have encountered this particular sort of showwomanship?

(Name and address withheld)

I was particularly delighted with two of the photographs of Paula in Vol. 9 No. 1. These were the two shots from the rear aspect which gave such delicate glimpses of exquisite anal hair. These photographs were a rare and magnificent treat for the many of us who swoon over anal hair. Could we have some more of these shots of girls who are endowed in this way? Continental and Slav girls often excel in this particular aspect. There have been numerous requests for the shaved pubis and these seem to have been met on occasion. But for many of us the hairier our girls the better. How about it?

W.S., London SW18

After enjoying the delightful experience of seeing 'Last Tango in Paris' recently my girl friend and I discovered a sexual thrill which I thought was worth telling you about.

As she was in a rampant mood (no doubt brought on by the example set in the film) she immediately took me into her bedroom when I got her home. Being pressed for time I just slipped my trousers down and got my huge 'dork' into action. Almost at once she

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LETTERS

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began to twist and writhe with desire. This was quite unusual as she usually takes about ten minutes to get really turned on. Meanwhile my 'dork' was beginning to get a little sore for some reason or another. After a couple more minutes she was beginning to moan and grunt quite loudly and my poor dork was really starting to hurt.

After about five more minutes she began to tear at my back and let out loud shouts. At this point my dork was in agony with searing pains shooting through it. I had to inspect the scene of the action and to my great amazement (and amusement) I found that my shirt tail was stuck right into her vagina!

It may seem surprising that this odd happening should have turned my girl friend on so much but now we quite often make love with the help of my shirt!

S. L., Birmingham

More power to your dork, whatever that is.

A friend has shown me the splendid poem by D. Williams of Haslemere on the subject of the taming of the shrew which you published in your letter columns in Vol. 9 No. 1. She showed me the poem because I was once a shrew and I have now been tamed, not by a boy friend, but by my father. In the past I was very ill-tempered and was always arguing with men and only my father had any authority over me. But being a sailor he was always away for at least six months of every year. When he was at home I kept my temper. But last year Daddy retired from the sea and stayed at home. I started to argue with him more and more and he was getting very annoyed with me. Finally one day he told me he was going to spank me to make me behave. For the first six months I got a spanking every Sunday morning before going to High Mass. After six months I was almost tamed and I only get one spanking a month now.

I must confess that I exaggerate my bad moods to get a spanking because I enjoy it so much. I get tremendous sexual stimulation and cannot hide it. When I am spanked I have to remove my panties and lie across my father's knees. He lifts my skirt and smacks my bare buttocks hard. My family always watch this and often our friends and neighbours come to watch, too. I find that I am even more sexually stimulated when people are watching the spanking and I usually reach an orgasm. I think the reason that I was a shrew was that I was rather 'frigid'. Spanking has awakened my flesh and my sex. Now I have intercourse with men instead of fights. I am now a smiling girl, and a happy one, and I thank my father for his severity. So I have framed Mr Williams' poem and put it on my bedroom wall. I must add that I am sure it's never too late to tame a shrew since I am 37 years old. I have grown young again since I was first spanked. Now I wear mini skirts instead of long gowns and I don't mind people seeing my buttocks. I can recommend that men should spank shrews both for discipline and to discover new sensations. Surely this can only be to the good.

Miss T. E., Marseille.

Thanks again for a very fine *Mayfair* in Vol. 9 No. 1. The girls seem to be getting a lot bigger recently – Lisbeth Lindeborg and Christine Brown both being over 5 feet 8 and well-built with it!

The girl that really turned me on was Paula Fitzgibbon: what a beautiful girl. She's got everything – including plenty of hair in the right places. Paula said she would make love in any position – I wish I could be in that position!

It was also great to see 'Big-breasted' Birgetta again with her friend Kay. They are another pair of big girls. Let's hope that *Mayfair* continues to think big!

R. Roberts, Barking Road, Plaistow

Your recent Quest interviews of women who have had sex in trains brought back to me an incident that has troubled me for many years. I am a very tall woman and the main attraction I had for my husband was his height. When we married about 12 years ago I was very naive about sex, having had a rather Victorian upbringing. But we lived happily together until I became

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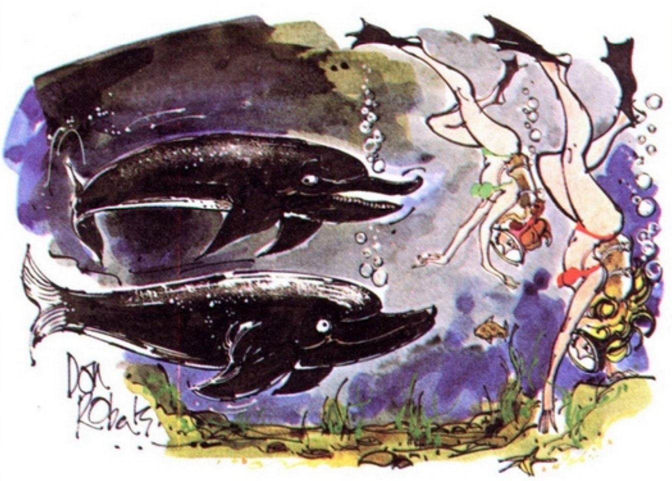
pregnant and my husband insisted I leave my job. Time tended to drag while I was alone in the house and one Tuesday, when I was about four months pregnant, I came to visit my parents in London. I got into an empty compartment and sat with my coat still on but opened and my shopping bag and handbag on the seat beside me while I read some magazines.

I became very engrossed in a magazine story and took no notice when somebody entered the compartment and sat opposite me. We had gone through another two stations before I caught sight of my fellow passenger. He was an Indian of about 40 and very small, only about five feet tall. His eyes were darting from my knees to the door of the compartment as though he were terrified that someone would join us. Following his eyes I discovered that my skirt had ridden above my knees and that my knees were parted several inches. Because of the way he was slumped down in his seat the Indian must have been able to see right up between my legs. I must admit that I was more amused than angry at the thought of this small man looking up my clothes.

When the train moved on we were still alone and to my surprise I found that my heart was thumping wildly and I could not concentrate on what I was reading. I found my eyes kept darting slyly to the unmistakable bulge in the man's trousers. It must have been the man's smallness that tempted me to tease him.

Gradually I allowed my knees to drift apart carelessly as though by the motion of the train. I could watch the man from under my eyelashes and still pretend to be reading. As my knees drifted further apart the hem of my skirt was forced up my thighs. The man licked his lips nervously and seemed to shrink even further down into his seat. We stopped at another station and I looked out the window pretending not to notice that my skirt was now above my stocking tops. The bulge in the man's trousers seemed to quiver and I discovered that I was very aroused. Again the train stopped and I prayed that no one would enter. No one did and as the train moved off my legs were so wide apart my buttocks were resting on the edge of the seat and it must have been obvious that I knew what I was doing.



'Go on Fred, you're the best one at chatting up!'

Suddenly I realised that the little man was staring straight into my face with a smug leer, as though he knew I was as randy as hell and just dying for it. He leaned across and pulled the crotch of my panties aside and began to probe me with his bony fingers. I could only sit there panting until he stood up and pulled at my arm. It was obvious that he wanted me to follow him and I did. As if in a trance I walked after him into the corridor. He looked up and down it and then pushed open the door of the toilet which was next door. I squeezed in behind and stood towering over him as he locked the door. Within seconds I was leaning against the sink with my skirt above my waist and my panties down to my knees. The little man kneeled in front of me and

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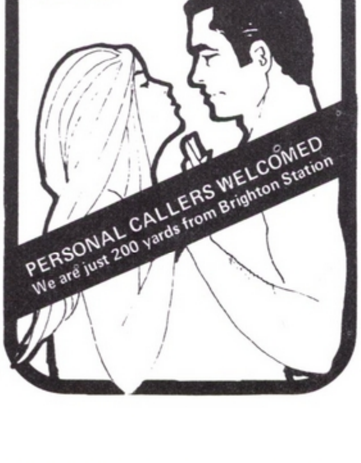
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LETTERS

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buried his mouth and nose in my pubic hairs. It was my first taste of oral sex and I adored it. Resting my hands on the sink behind me I rotated my hips round his face and felt a great sense of sexual power. It was as if I was humiliating this little man for daring to look up my skirt. After a time he stood up and began to undo his trousers. I watched fascinated and was amazed by the size of his erect organ. Perhaps it was just the man's small stature but it looked enormous. I opened my legs wider to lower my crotch and enable him to penetrate me, which he did quickly and easily thanks to my own lubrication. Clutching my buttocks with his hands he began to move in long, rapid thrusts which brought me to the edge of climax three or four times before he finally exploded in me. He withdrew and ran out almost at once leaving me quivering, my legs like jelly.

After cleaning myself up I slipped back to the compartment and was surprised to find we had arrived at St. Pancras. When I got to the barrier, still a bit shaken, I was horrified to find the little man waiting for me. He insisted I went and had a drink with him and kept pulling at my arm. Very embarrassed, I was sure everyone was looking at us because we made such a comic pair and eventually I followed him to a railway bar and sat just inside the door while he ordered drinks. It was quite crowded and I managed to slip out as he turned to pay for the drinks and I jumped straight into a taxi.

I have never been able to find an explanation for what I did, other than that I was bored and pregnant, but it seems incredible that a state of mind, or body can make a normal woman behave completely out of character. It would be interesting and reassuring to hear whether or not I am alone.

(*Name and address withheld*)

Though I am in my mid forties and not married I have many girl friends. My main preference among women is a girl who has plenty of hair. I was told once that some women have hair from the

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vulva to the navel. If this is true it would be just marvellous to see a shot of such a girl. When I read in *Mayfair* that some men prefer the shaved mound it makes me think of a boat without a rudder so vital is pubic hair to a girl's attraction.
E.N., Lower Morden, Surrey

If a woman may take the liberty of writing to a man's magazine I would like to tell you a story for your readers' interest.

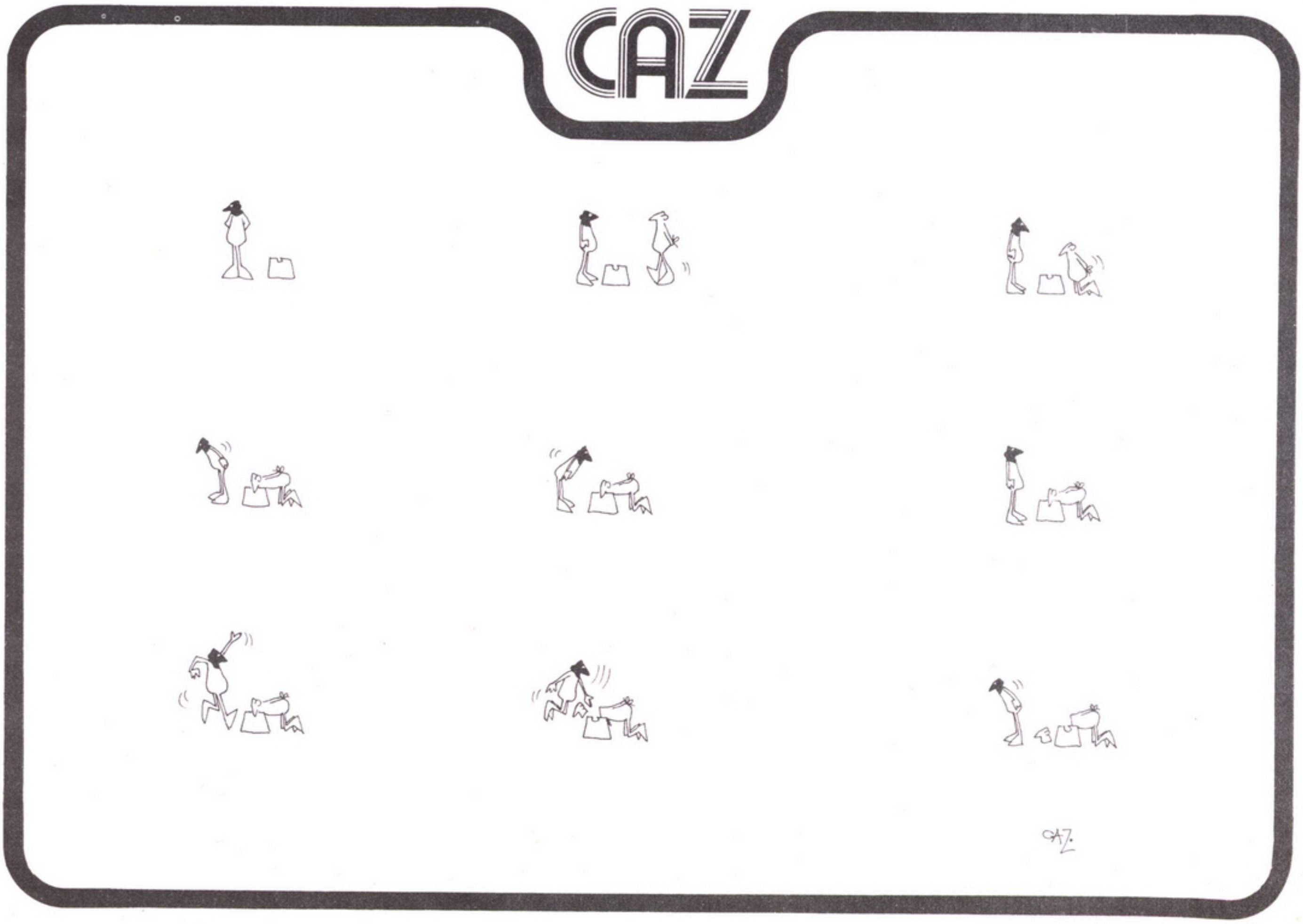
My husband and I have been married just over a year and up to a few months ago, my husband's interest in sex seemed to be falling off. I remembered reading in your magazine some letters from 'wet clothing' enthusiasts, so I decided to see if John (my husband) would react to this in any way. I set up a practical experiment. Near our home is a wood in which we often walk where there are several fairly shallow ponds up to about 20 feet across. I contrived one day to walk with my husband alongside one of these ponds and playfully threw his favourite hat into the middle of the water. He got rather annoyed and told me to get it out – or else! I was wearing a skirt and blouse, knee boots and coat. I took off the coat and carefully waded into the cold, muddy water. By the time I reached the hat I was waist deep, and I turned and said, 'Come on in, it's lovely.' To my gratification John promptly splashed into the water, grabbed hold of me, and under we went. He literally tore my pants off and made love to me in the muddy shallows at the edge of the pond, both of us still wearing most of our wet clothes. He seemed embarrassed later when I tried to talk about it, but I have on several occasions 'staged' similar incidents, both outside and in our bath, and always with the same result. Our love making is now far more frequent and enjoyable and this seems to be an excellent solution.

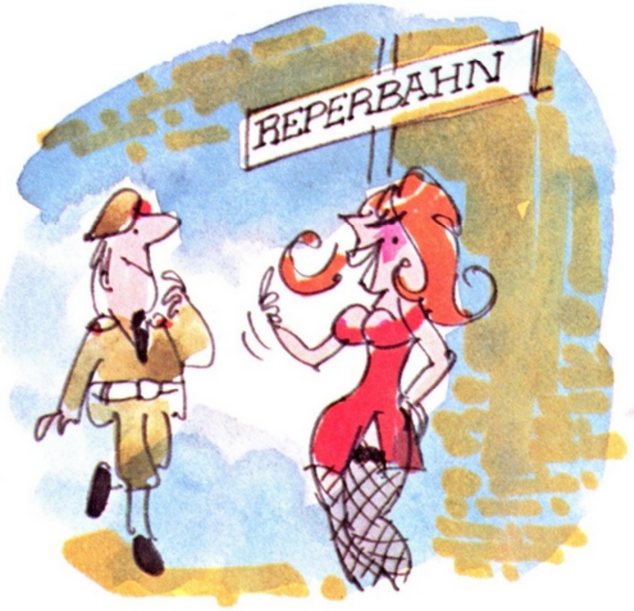
Why not run a *Quest* on the subject of wet clothing? I am sure there must be many other men like my husband.
M.B. (Mrs), Wakefield.

My job involves checking the central heating radiators in office blocks, and I like to go around at lunch times if I can because it means I can work more quickly. One lunch hour I walked into an outer office where two dollies were sitting behind desks, obviously eating sandwiches in. The moment I came in one slammed her desk drawer shut and went red as a beetroot and her friend started giggling. I pretended not to notice and just chatted naturally because I thought they were just playing about. Then I knelt down to adjust the radiator beside the bird who had gone red. She was chatting away very primly about the job she had and all its responsibilities but all I noticed was her bare bottom sticking out from under her skirt. One leg of a pair of panti-hose was stuck in her desk drawer. Obviously she'd been about to change when I came in and quickly covered herself up. What she didn't realise was that the back of her skirt had got caught up on the back of her chair, giving me a fabulous view of just about everything she had. I don't think a radiator has ever been better or more lovingly adjusted than the one behind her chair!
R.S. Exeter

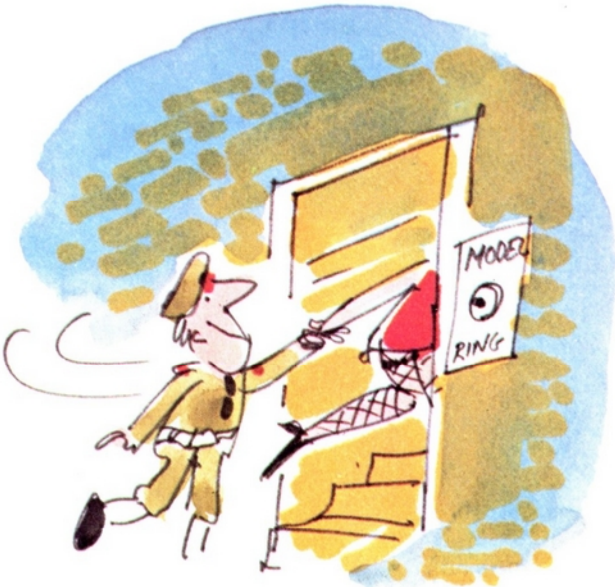
After buying your anniversary issue I feel I must congratulate you on a really excellent magazine. The quality throughout is well above average when compared with similar magazines I have read and which so often seem rather crude and lacking integrity. The photographs you print are of a high standard of reproduction and while they are revealing I feel they could offend nobody appreciative of beauty. I particularly like your idea of using girls from television rather than the usual run-of-the-mill models and I hope you will expand this and try to persuade other actresses and pop singers to pose. Even if they don't reveal quite as much as the models it is far nicer to see women already admired, like Katya Wyeth in Vol. 8 No. 12.
D. W. Smith, Leicester

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

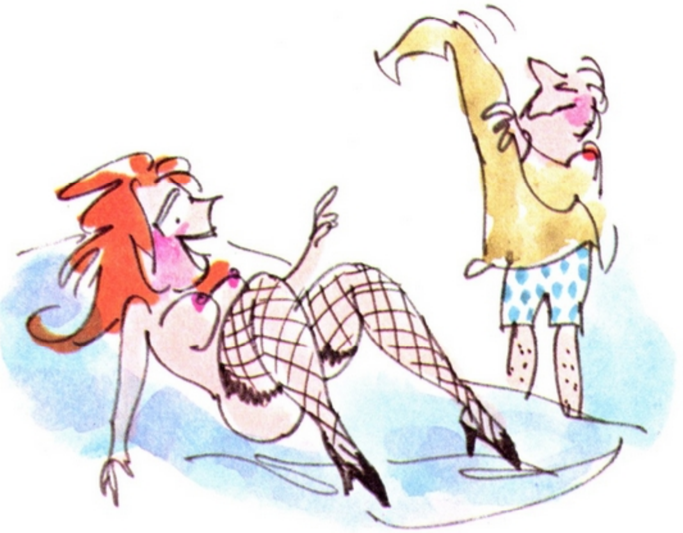




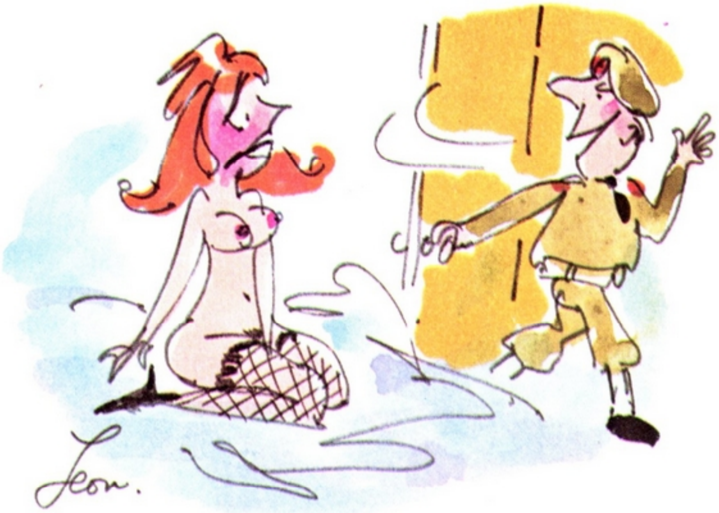
'Hello, soldier. Like a good time . . .



. . . with a nice German girl?'



'Well – how about some marks . . .?'



'Great – nine out of ten!'

A POLISHED PERFORMANCE

Fiction by Sam Buffington

'I want you,' she said. 'Now. Anywhere. Anyhow. But now!' With seconds to catch his flight he looked in panic round the packed departure lounge

I went to the party to say goodbye to Mike and a couple of other friends who I knew would be there. I should never have gone. I should have said goodbye days before. My flight was scheduled for just after 12.00 that night.

Anyway I went with the intention of having a swift half, giving the old bastard a friendly dig in the ribs for luck and of getting out and back to the flat as quickly as possible. And in fact that was what I did – almost.

I had said goodbye to him and the others having found them in the kitchen looking after a barrel of bitter chocked up on the draining board. I had downed my half, got rid of my glass and was easing my way along the hall through the gathering of overspill from the other rooms when I found myself squashed against a girl trying to squeeze through the same slim outlet as myself. The crowd around us moved as more people came in at the front door and we were trapped, front to front, fitting as neatly as two pieces of a jigsaw.

'Good evening,' I said. 'We seem to be stuck.'

Her look was frank and unequivocal.

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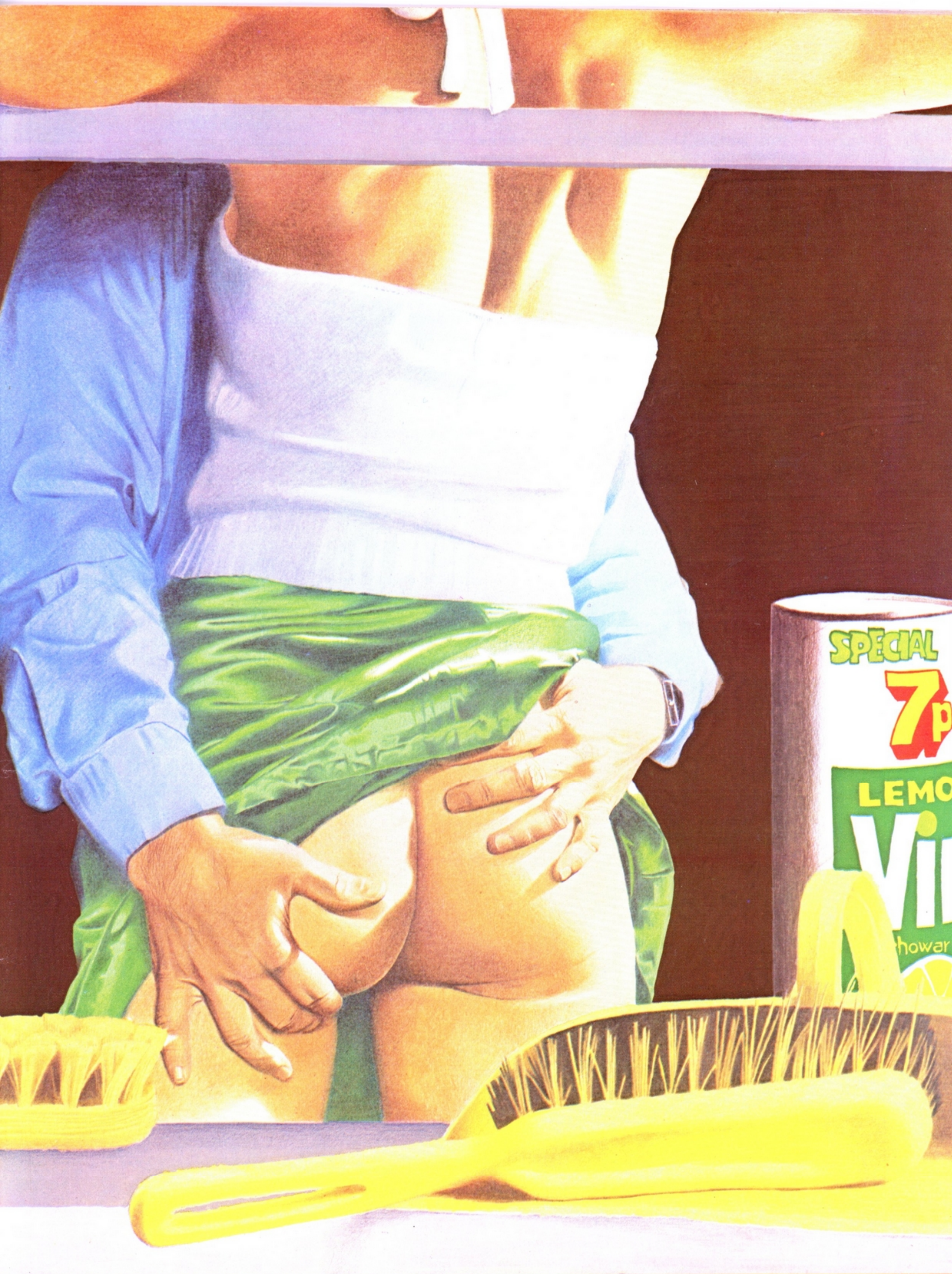
ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD PEMBERTON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'I like it,' she said.

It was one of those meetings where from the very first no constraint or inhibition is felt, where you feel you can be yourself and in no danger of offending the other person.

'Enjoying the party?'

'I am at the moment.'

I pushed my loins at hers and she in turn increased the pressure by pushing back.

'I wish I could stay,' I told her. 'But I'm on my way to Africa.'

She pushed harder. 'Are you in so much of a hurry?'

I pushed back with additional sideways movement. 'Could I phone you when I get back?'

'Bosworth 1485.'

I managed to free my arm from the crush and get two fingers into my top pocket to remove the diary. I wrote down the number holding the book up at eye level.

'Address?'

She gave me that too and I wrote it down.

'Anything else you want?'

'Yes,' I said. 'You bet there is but . . .' I manoeuvred my arm up again to look at my watch, 'but . . . but I haven't the time. I've just got to go.'

The cluster of people of which we had been the centre began to break up and I shouldered my way towards the front door with her following. I got to the door and turned the catch.

'You might ask me if I do before you rush away into the night,' she said as if I'd committed some important point of etiquette. She fixed me with the same frank look.

'Well, do you?' I obliged.

'Yes,' she told me.

I shrugged helplessly. 'My plane leaves at 12.15. 'I've got to drive to my flat, pick up my things and get to the airport.'

I opened the door and stepped out into the cool summer night. She came out with me.

'Catch the next plane,' she suggested.

'The next plane is too late.'

'I'll come with you back to the flat.'

I had already started walking down the path to the rickety front gate. 'I shan't be stopping there – I'm just picking up my cases and then I'm going straight on to the airport.'

She followed me hanging on to my arm.

'Let me come!'

'You'll be wasting your time.'

'You'll see.'

I'd had to park some way down the road because Mike's earlier guests had filled all the empty spaces. She was half running to keep up with me.

'Sorry about the pace,' I said' 'But I'm about as late as I can be without losing all connection with the appointment.

We reached the car and got in. The whole thing was crazy but being so late and her being so eager a decision whether or not to drop her was difficult to make. However I thought as I got the car into gear and pulled out into the road, I'm still heading for the airport as fast as I can go so she's not really a hindrance.

As soon as we had got going she put her hand on my leg. 'Do you mind?'

'Honoured.'

'Do you mind if I put it higher?'

'High as you like.'

'You can put your hand on me as high as you like.'

I wanted to but there was so much gear changing to do, so many junctions and traffic lights to negotiate that I abstained. I didn't want to be putting my hand up her skirt and taking it away and putting my hand up her skirt again as if I was testing the temperature of an iron. I contented myself with her attentions and tried to concentrate on the road

'Why are you rushing off to Africa with such determination?' she asked.

'I'm an electrical engineer. Some mining equipment has got buggered up.'

'Haven't they got anyone out there who could fix it?'

'It seems not.'

'How long will you be gone?'

'Couple of months.'

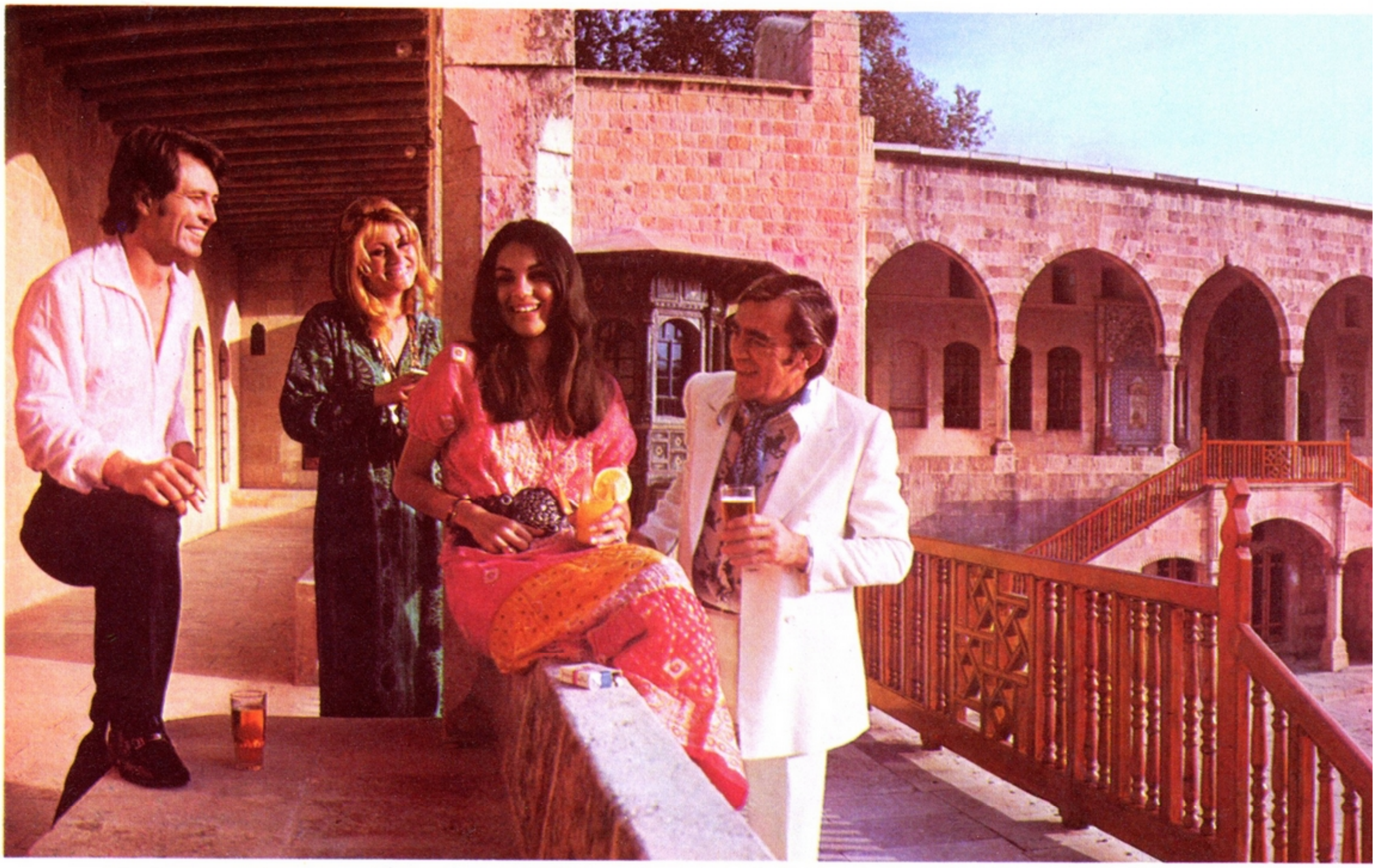
'Couple of months!'

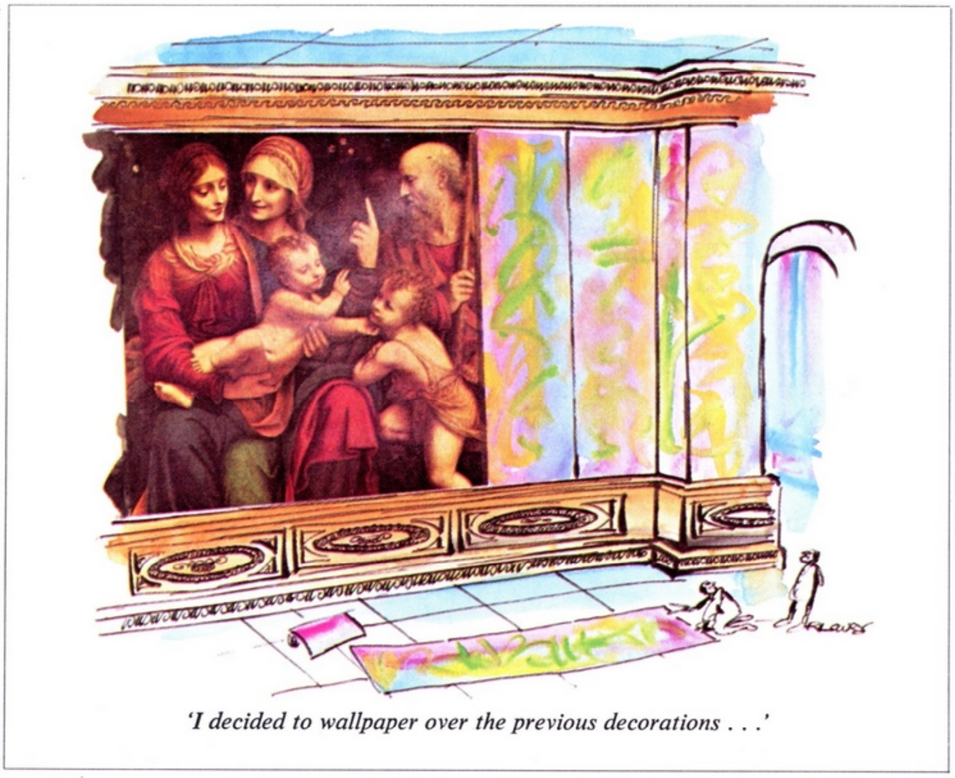
'I've got to go on to East Africa after this rush job – routine trip.'

'Get about, don't you?'

'So do you by the feel of it.'

She had pulled down the zip on my trousers (not without some assistance from me) and had slipped her hand inside. She knew her way about all right. This wasn't the first time she had set about changing someone's mind. Not that I had any intention of changing my mind, my job was too good





'I decided to wallpaper over the previous decorations . . .'

for that, but I appreciated her attempts. She was subtle though. She did so much and no more.

It took about 20 minutes to get to my place keeping to the back streets to avoid the traffic. And when I turned off the road through the entrance to the block of flats her fingers had touched and coaxed me into quite a state. I stopped the car in the car park, withdrew her hand, pulled up the zip, got out of the car, and with one hand in my pocket to conceal the erection, made swiftly for the main entrance with her stepping along beside me as fast as she could go.

We went through the main door, across the foyer to the lift. I jabbed the button and the doors slid open. We stepped in. The doors closed and I grabbed her, kissing her hard, my tongue half down her throat and my right hand down the front of her knickers. I wanted to do everything to her at once. The lift stopped, the doors opened.

I hurried along the corridor to my flat, while she followed half a step behind held by the finger tips. I thrust the key into the lock. A twist and we were inside. Through the lounge into the bedroom.

'You've got time,' she said.

'No, I can't.'

She pressed herself against me holding her skirt up round her waist. 'It won't take a minute.'

I looked at my watch. She pulled me to her and fell back on the bed with me on top of her. I slid down on to my knees on the floor, reached forward, put my fingers under the waist band of her knickers and slipped them off.

The door bell rang and this was reinforced by a loud banging.

'Come on, Larry! What are you playing at?' We've got 20 minutes!'

It was Dave who was due to drive me to the airport. He had the flat next to mine. I looked into the girl's misty eyes and shrugged.

'We're going to have to save it,' I apologised.

Dave was hammering on the door again. 'Come on!' he shouted. 'Get yourself off that crapper and move. You can do that

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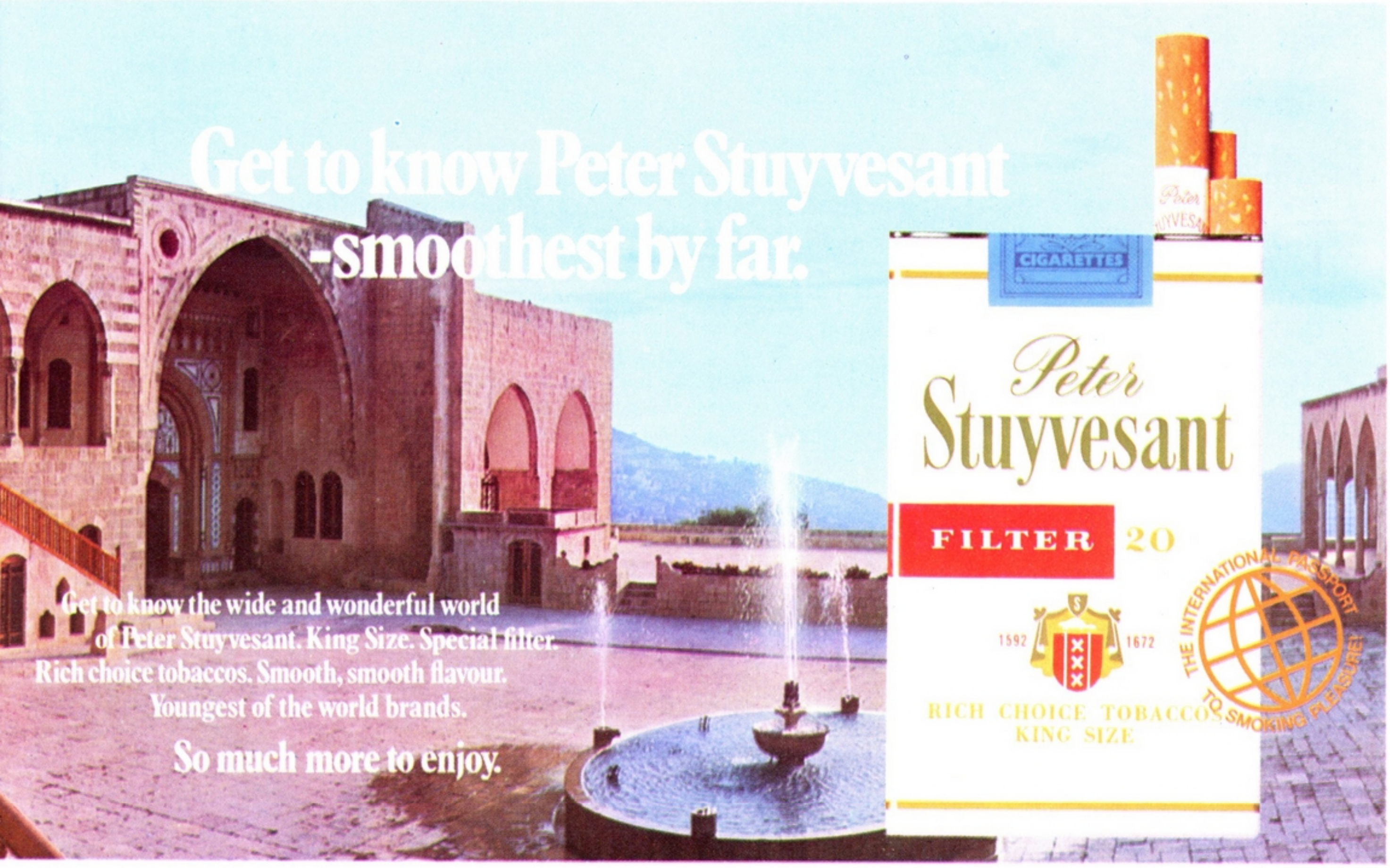

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A POLISHED PERFORMANCE

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when you're safely on the plane.'

I shrugged again, got to my feet tucking in my shirt as I walked to the front door. I opened it, returned to the bedroom and grabbed my case. The girl was on her feet looking dazed and dishevelled. She followed me to the door with Dave nodding his head as if to say, 'Well, that would explain everything.' We made for the lift.

'This is . . .'

'Danielle,' she supplied.

'Danielle.'

'Hullo,' said Dave. 'Have you got your passport?'

'Yes,' I said.

'No,' said Danielle.

Dave indicated that he'd meant me. We got into the lift. Danielle grabbed me and we kissed again although this time I contented myself with holding her around the waist. The door came open. We stepped out into the foyer and went through the main doors to the car park. Dave took the case and threw it in the boot of his car. It was a sports model – two seater.

I looked at Danielle and shrugged again.

'Get in, for Christ's sake,' said Dave. 'I have to run round you like I'm your damn mother!'

'I've got your address,' I said to her tapping my breast pocket to assure her of the fact

'Don't go,' she urged. 'Stay.'

Dave opened the passenger door. I stooped to get in. 'I'll write, first opportunity,' I told her.

I dropped down into the seat and Dave had the car out of the flat car park and on to the road as if he was trying to weld my back to the seat by force of gravity. I got one last glance of Danielle staring after me. Then she was out of sight.

'Who the Christ was that?' asked Dave.

'I don't know.'

He swore – a loud, rough, friendly swear. The drive to the airport was frustrating. Dave took a couple of lights on the red, but the time ticked on. He kept looking at his watch and saying, 'What do you make it?' I didn't know whether I wanted to get there in time or not. To tell the truth I was shaken. I had a terrible feeling I had been looking a gift horse in the mouth which had never been a policy of mine. I was well aware of the need to take one's chances in whatever field they occurred.

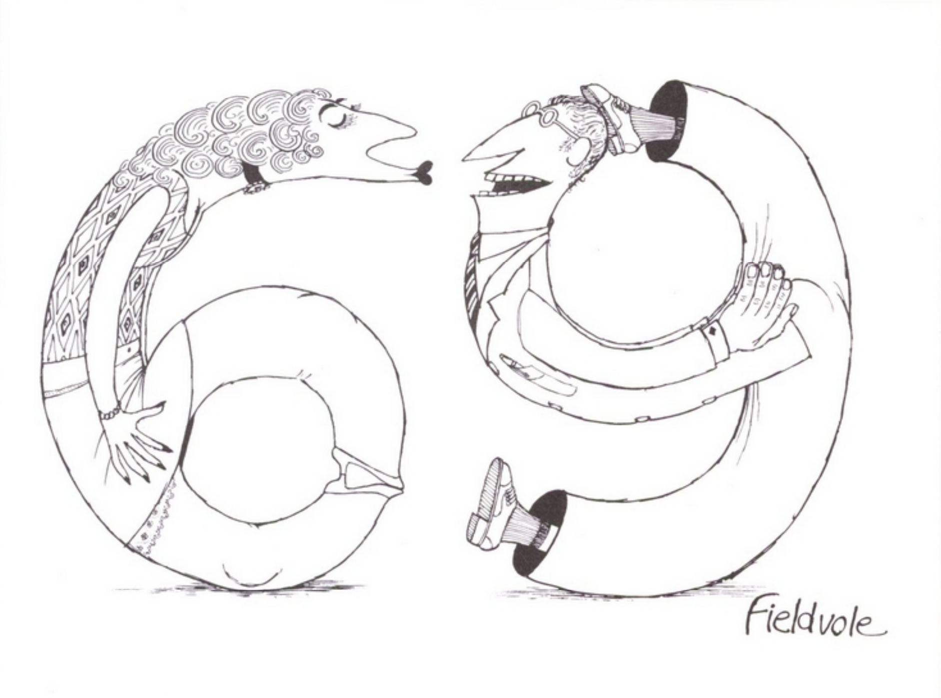
We went inside the airport building. Dave took my case to be weighed. I got my documents in order. There was a strange emptiness about the place. There were plenty of people milling about but somehow it was hollow and unreal. The flight announcements seemed to come from a different world and echo round the reception halls and departure lounges cold and indifferent. Dave caught up with me at the enquiry desk. Yes, my flight was on time, more or less. There might be a quarter of an hour's delay but I should go through customs right away to avoid any mishap. Dave smiled breathing a sigh of relief.

'Next time say goodbye to your friends a little earlier and save the women until you get to the other end.' He slapped me on the shoulder. 'I'll say cheerio. I need a beer.'

I shook his hand and told him 'thanks' and he walked away in the direction of one of the bars. I picked up my case and started for the departure lounge but for some reason went over to where I could look down on the main entrance hall.

At once I saw her coming in through one of the doors leading to the street. Almost at once our eyes met. At the same time my hand went into my pocket and I discovered her crumpled up knickers. I started down the stairs and she started up just as if we were a couple of magnets of irresistible attraction.

But her first reaction to me was one of anger. 'The perfect gentleman!' she snapped. She held out her hand with the palm upwards.



'I still can't understand all the fuss about this particular position . . .'

I looked at her puzzled.

'Give them back.'

'Give them . . .?' Then I realised. I put my hand into my pocket, then I changed my mind. I took her by the arm.

'This trip is very important,' I tried to explain. 'There's a mining company in the middle of the African bush which is losing thousands of pounds by the hour because one of their big diggers is out of action.'

'Let go of me!' she said forcefully.

'I'm trying to explain!'

'Let go of me!' Her abrupt tone softened. 'Can't you see. My cheeks are going pink, they are beginning to burn. That's what always happens when I want it. Didn't you notice earlier?'

I didn't let go. I felt proud of having such an effect. People were going up and down the stairway all about us but the need to care about what they heard was ceasing to bother me.

'I want you. Of course I want you. Now. At once. Anywhere. Anyhow. But now'. And I did. I had been forced to put one hand back in my pocket. I was up so hard it was painful.

'And I want you. Here. Now. At once.'

'But we can't. I can't. And my . . .' I looked at my watch. Fifteen minutes the girl at enquires had told me.

'Come on,' I said. I left my case at the foot of the stairway and hurried off with her without having the faintest idea where I was going.

'Why me?' I asked as we hurried along. 'I wasn't the only male at the party and the others looked as if they were staying.'

'I don't know. When we got squashed together I all but came then. I just went for you.'

'And how did you get here?'

'Taxi.'

All I could think of was her exposed body under her skirt and of finding somewhere to take advantage of it. I felt vibrant, strong confident. I was exhilarated, elevated, enervated. There was a spring in my step and a feeling of uncontrollable optimism. 'This is it!' I thought. 'This is living!' I was in the realm of the gods.

I saw a door marked 'staff.' I opened it and pushed her in. We found ourselves in a store room used by the cleaners. There were a couple of rotary polishers standing in one corner. Off to the left were two lines of racks made from angle iron on which were placed such things as clean overalls, dusters, mop heads and packets of detergent. The rack farthest from us held large drums of liquid floor polish.

I pulled her behind this, held her face between my hands and kissed her. Her mouth met mine eagerly. At the same time she pushed herself at me. I swung her round against the wall and still kissing her undid my belt. I undid the catch on my trousers and undid the zip. My trousers dropped.

The door of the room opened and two women came in wearing green overalls. I twisted my head round and saw them

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through a gap between a couple of drums of cleaning liquid. They closed the door, produced half smoked cigarettes and lit them up. I hated those two more vehemently than I have ever hated anyone before or since. It passed through my mind to grab something and fell both of them where they stood.

Danielle was holding me, carressing me and taking tiny bites along my neck and the side of my face. I put my hand under her skirt and stroked her there while staring between the drums.

One of the women produced a *Daily Mirror* folded in four from the front pocket of her overall.

'What do you fancy?' she said with the cigarette still in her mouth.

The other laughed. 'I ain't likely to get it.'

To add to my frustrations I could hear some sort of announcement being made over the public address system but couldn't make out what was being said. I looked at my watch. Danielle was caressing me slowly and gently, back and forth – she could afford to be patient I didn't have time for finger exercises I wanted to go straight ahead and play the whole concerto. But the cleaners continued picking their horses and smoking their fags.

Fortunately, their skive was brought to an abrupt halt. The door came open again. I could see another woman in a different colour overall standing with her hands on her hips. 'Come on,' she said. The two women hastily shoved the paper out of sight and dogged their cigarettes.

'Just getting some rags, Hilda,' one of them said.

As soon as the door closed I pulled Danielle's skirts up. She swivelled round trying to hitch her bottom on one of the shelves. I got myself positioned but it was awkward standing up. Danielle lifted herself some more by holding on to some angle iron of a higher shelf. I pushed up against her and the whole rack swayed.

'Yes! That's it!' she said urgently. 'Do it!'

She clutched me tightly and I started to move. The rack swayed again, more violently than the first time. Suddenly I realised that a couple of big drums standing on top were being dislodged. Before I could move one had hit me on the shoulder and then bounced on my foot. About four came off clanging noisily on the floor.

We fell sideways to the ground without losing contact. Danielle had hold of my shirt on each side of me. I could feel her legs crossing over the small of my back. I went into her like a knife into butter. My shoulder hurt and yet the pain was distant and I didn't care about it. My foot felt numb – I didn't care about that either.

Almost at once Danielle began to breathe in long quavering sighs which rapidly quickened in pace and became louder. She dug her fingers into my sides. Waves shuddered across her abdomen. Then she flung her arms back, arched up her thighs, the quavering sigh changed to a desperate moan of an orgasm and then she subsided.

'Wait,' she said. 'Not long.'

I didn't have much choice. I heard the door open again. I stopped and jerked my head sideways. Through the racks I could see the supervisor standing in the doorway. I suppose she had come back to investigate the noise.

'Love a duck!' she exclaimed, first on seeing the drums on the floor and next on glimpsing us. She put her hands on her thighs and bent at the knees to verify what she thought she had seen.

'Get out, you old bag!' I yelled. 'Piss off!'

She closed the door with a bang.

'Yes,' said Danielle. 'Start.'

I started. And I meant to finish. I didn't care about anything now. They could have come in and cheered me on and I wouldn't have stopped. Danielle's breath began to quaver once more. She gripped the flesh on my hips pulling me on with her head twisted away from me.

'I can't stand it!' she muttered. 'I can't stand it!' But she continued to clutch and pull me frantically.

I no longer had control over myself. A primeval motor had taken over. The quarry was down, it only needed to be finished off. Indeed I was only half aware of who or what it was that I was thrusting into with such insistent power.

'No! No!' groaned Danielle, her fingers gripping me tighter, pulling me harder. 'No more, please, no more!'

'Yes!' I told her through my teeth. 'This is it!'

I began to judder violently as if I was shaking to pieces and at the same time she pushed her loins off the ground, flung back her arms once again, clutched at one of the angle iron supports of the rack and mumbled, 'I can't . . . I can't . . .'

This time we both came off together in a frenzied, pulsating climax that seemed to be pumping the life out of me and the more life that went the more I wanted it to go. Danielle was no longer intelligible. She seemed to have an electric whip inside her thrashing her into convulsions. She muttered and gibbered and clutched at me as if I could control it for her. And then it was gone. And it was over for both of us. The fact that I was in a room full of cleaning stuff re-established itself in my consciousness. I came back off her onto my knees and stood up. She did not move. She lay like something washed up on the beach, her skirt rumpled round her middle, and her hair like one of the mops.

Not wanting the cleaners to make another entrance I went round to the door and standing with my back to it pulled my trousers up.

At long last Danielle revived. She hauled herself up by the racks and another drum of polish crashed to the floor. She came round to me, put her arms round my neck and started kissing me, running her hands up and down the outside of my legs and thighs. I could hear another announcement going over the public address, and echoing through the airport.

'I haven't time,' I told her.

Her grip only tightened.

'Your plane will have gone,' she said. 'Let's make the most of it.'

Her kisses came faster, her hands went to the inside of my legs and I was just thinking to hell with the flight when I heard the door handle turn and the door pressed against my back.

'Visitors again,' I said. The pressure on my back increased. I stood back, wrenched open the door and the supervisor half fell into the room.

Quickly I dragged Danielle outside, shut the door and, seeing that there was a key in the lock, turned it.

I started back for the stairs hoping I wasn't indecently exposing anything. There were more people about. They all seemed intent on getting in my way. At last I got to the stairs but my case had gone. I swore and looked round desperately. Then I caught sight of Dave on the higher level. He was carrying the case and looking about him like a country bumpkin who'd been dropped into the middle of New York without a street map.

I bounded up the stairs and grabbed the case.

'Have I missed it?' I asked swiftly, already moving on.

He swung round with a look of astonishment on his face. I could see it was going to take some time for his mouth to close so I decided to dash on without waiting for a reply.

But at that exact moment Danielle caught up with me. Her face was flushed. Whether that was through running or for the original reason I wouldn't like to say.

'Oh, Dave,' I said. 'Look after . . .'

'Danielle,' she supplied again.

'Look after Danielle, will you? There's a good chap.'

Then I ran for it.

It wasn't until I slumped into my seat and went to mop my brow that I discovered I still had her knickers.

Hiding them quickly away I fastened the seat belt wondering whether I ought to post them to her when I got the chance. Typical of Dave, I thought, when I fully realised the situation in which I had left him – he never has to do any work.

SLAUGHTER

A landmark that became a legend – the bloody slopes of Spion Kop claimed 1750 British lives on a day the Generals bickered as soldiers were slaughtered

by Gerald Rawling

Anyone who changes trains at Exeter and travels up from the Western Region's St. David's Station to the Southern Region's Central Station will find that their journey takes them past one of those equestrian statues so popular with the municipal planning authorities of the past. It stands outside the entrance to Hele's School and the figure depicted, broad of chest and heavily moustached, sits calmly and impassively, staring with stony concentration in the direction of the Guildhall. On the plinth there runs a brief legend: 'General Sir Redvers Buller, He Saved Natal.'

The statue was erected in 1905 'by his countrymen' and was intended as a simple memorial to a local boy who had made good. The only trouble is that, even allowing for the full prejudice of Victorian military jingoism, nobody in his right mind – even then – could have ever described General Buller as the Saviour of Natal – the Incompetent Bungler of Natal, perhaps, but not the Saviour.

There were few engagements in the Boer

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Some claimed he was the 'Saviour of Natal', others that he was an incompetent bungler, yet Sir Redvers Buller was a fine soldier who commanded the unswerving loyalty of his troops. However it was his tragic indecision that led to slaughter on top of Spion Kop.

ON SPY-GLASS HILL

F J Waugh 1900

SLAUGHTER ON SPY-GLASS HILL

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War upon which the British military could look back with satisfaction. Right from the start, at Majuba Hill, where General Sir George Colley suffered a crushing defeat and was himself killed, the pattern was set for a series of British failures which gradually began to achieve the proportions of a monumental disaster. The blunderings of General Gatacre and Lord Methuen at Stormberg and Magersfontein helped the process along and prompted the cynical remark from Herbert Asquith, a future Prime Minister, that 'Our generals seem neither able to win victories nor to give convincing reasons for their defeats.'

But it was the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Redvers Buller, who had the worst record. In his attempts to cross the Tugela River and march to the relief of Ladysmith he took a sound drubbing at Colenso and then went on to superintend the largest and bloodiest disaster of the entire war – the battle which has come down to us, labelled in the Victorian martial record, as Spion Kop.

Redvers Buller, let there be no doubt about it, was a fine soldier. There can be no denying, for instance, his personal courage or his concern for the welfare of his troops. Something of a sybarite – he always kept inexhaustible supplies of champagne at his headquarters which presumably helped to lift his spirits after his many reverses – he was, nevertheless, possessed of an indomitable spirit which had won him the Victoria Cross in the Zulu War; and the news that he was to take command was greeted by the troops with a loyal and hearty vote of confidence worthy of the Duke of Wellington himself. Certainly, he was a man known to be unable to sip his champagne without verifying that his troops had had a proper meal and reasonable quarters to sleep in. He is summed up neatly enough in the words of a *Morning Post* war correspondent named Winston Churchill who served with him and who wrote: 'Sir Redvers Buller said little, and what he did was obscure. He was a man of considerable scale. He plodded from blunder to blunder and from one disaster to another, without losing either the regard of his country or the trust of his troops, to whose feeding as well as his own he paid serious attention.'

The principal natural obstacle between Buller's army of 30,000 men and the besieged city of Ladysmith was the Tugela River. His first attempt to cross this hazard ended in a costly failure at Colenso and less than four weeks later he decided on a flanking movement further to the west with the idea of fording the river at Trichardt's Drift.

The plan was to slip through the entrenched Boer positions in the hills to the north of the Tugela, turn their flank, and then send a further force across the river at Potgieter's Drift to join up with his advance column.

It was all sound enough in theory but Buller took a number of steps to ensure that the affair ended in disaster. The first was to delegate the handling of the entire operation to one of his divisional commanders, General Sir Charles Warren.

Warren was a competent soldier and shared with Buller a total lack of physical fear. He was a Sapper general and apart from a two year stint as Commissioner of Metropolitan Police had served his regiment well in various parts of Africa and the Straits Settlements. He had been called out of retirement a year earlier and although he was convinced that, despite his lack of experience in this particular theatre of war, he knew all about handling the Boer commandos, his ineptitude was to prove fatal to about 1,700 of the troops under his command. As an anonymous jingle of the time put it: 'Now Buller devised an impossible plan, which he handed to Warren, an obstinate man.'

The plan was by no means impossible, but Warren's pedestrian and irascible handling of it predicated from the start a debacle – with a nerve-wracked Buller assisting from the wings. To begin with, all went well.

General Warren was not a Sapper for nothing and his crossing of the Tugela at Trichardt's Drift was an exemplary illustration of how an army should cross a river; the whole exercise went perfectly. The only trouble was that it took so long – in the words of one observer, it revealed 'a deficiency in that mobility of manoeuvre which is an essential condition to tactical success.' And the same writer (a German

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SLAUGHTER ON SPY-GLASS HILL

continued from page 18

staff historian) went on to say that the whole operation showed 'a clumsiness which augured ill for the future'.

The Boers, of course, watched this manoeuvre with interest – they had fallen back northwards of the swollen Tugela, reluctant to have this major tactical obstacle at their backs – and they had entrenched and fortified the heights beyond, commanding the easiest and most straightforward route to Ladysmith.

All this was known to both Buller and Warren, but the former, esconced in his headquarters at Mount Alice did nothing to speed things up and the latter could think of nothing but his personal supervision of the immense baggage train which had to be manhandled across the river.

The cavalry were first over the Tugela and, under their commander, Major General the Earl of Dundonald, they ranged rapidly northwards, prodding the Boer defences and almost turning the enemy position before being recalled by a panic-stricken Warren who now found his precious baggage train unguarded.

Calling Dundonald to his headquarters, Warren read him a lecture on the role of cavalry in war as he saw it, maintaining all the while a watchful eye on the endless line of his transport wagons which were now winding their way up to Fairview Farm about two miles north of the river.

Not a man to put up with this sort of treatment lightly, Dundonald acidly enquired what Warren wanted him to do and received the testy reply that 500 of his troopers would be required to protect the baggage train and the rest could go to the devil for all he cared. So ended the one piece of swift manoeuvring which, if exploited, might have outflanked the Boers and opened up the road to Ladysmith.

The surprise night attack up the slopes of Spion Kop was successful – it was not until dawn that the British realised they were exposed to the guns of the Boers

In the meantime, the Boers, never slow to improve a defensive position when given the opportunity to do so had dug themselves well in and now awaited with interest their enemy's next move. This was to take some time.

Having spent three days establishing himself on the north bank of the Tugela, Warren now frittered away a similar period in trying to clear the Boers out of the hills directly ahead of him.

He soon found that the enemy was far too deeply entrenched to be flushed out without a costly frontal attack – every time he advanced and carried a crestline, he found a further, higher crest stubbornly defended by the Boers. Gradually he came to the conclusion that he would have to try something else.

Buller, meanwhile, having given the command to Warren, was already regretting it and had half decided to call the whole thing off and mount an attack elsewhere with himself in command. He descended from his Mount Alice headquarters to confer with Warren and told him bluntly that enough time had been wasted – it was about time that some progress was achieved in the prime object of the operation, the relief of Ladysmith.

Warren, from the beginning reluctant to accept Buller's original idea of a long, left-flanking movement around the hill country to his front, was determined to push straight ahead down the shortest route to Ladysmith. This could only be achieved, he said, by seizing the largest natural feature in the area, an isolated 1,470 foot high mountain to his right front named Spion Kop – Lookout Mountain, to translate from the Afrikaans. From here, he reasoned, he could command not only the Fairview-Rosalie road to Ladysmith but also enfilade the Boer trenches in the surrounding hills.

His initial burst of creative energy by this time discharged, Buller merely concurred, saying 'Of course you must take it,' and returned to Mount Alice, there to brood on whether he was doing the right thing in leaving Warren in command.

Sir Charles Warren, his attention finally distracted from his baggage train, now directed his energies to the conquest of Spion Kop. Nobody, neither he nor Buller, had seriously thought about the consequences of such an action; before long they were to find out.

It was to be a night attack with

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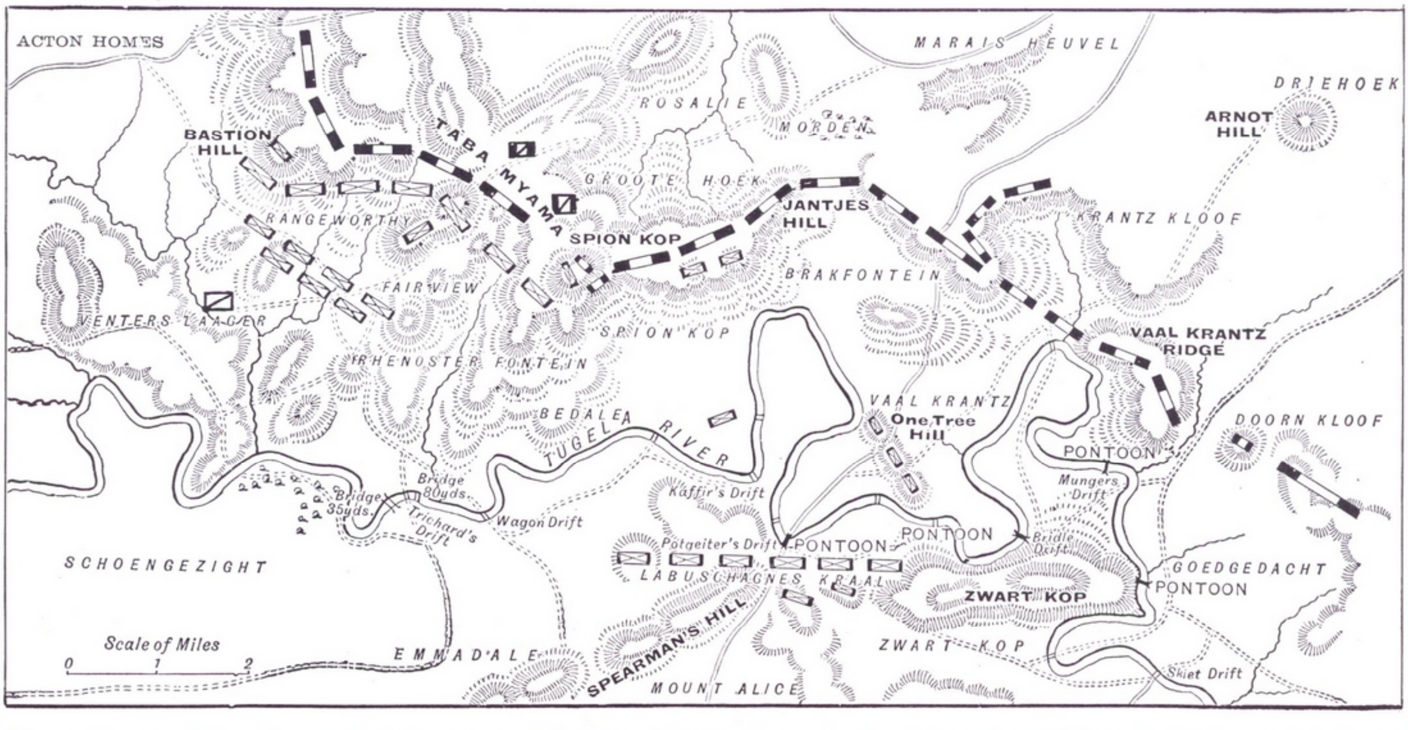
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RANGEWORTHY
SPION KOP
BRAKFONTEIN
FAIRVIEW
VENTERS LAAGER
SPION KOP
VAAL KRANTZ RIDGE
RHENOSTER FONTEIN
BEDALEA
TUGELA RIVER
VAAL KRANTZ
One Tree Hill
DOORN KLOOF
PONTOON
Mungers Drift
Bridge 80yds.
Bridge 35yds.
Trichard's Drift
Wagon Drift
Kaffir's Drift
Potgeiter's Drift
PONTOON
PONTOON
Bridle Drift
SCHOENGEZIGHT
LABUSCHAGNES KRAAL
GOEDGEDACHT
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EMMADALE
SPEARMAN'S HILL
ZWART KOP
Skiet Drift
MOUNT ALICE

The positions on Spion Kop marked the centre of the Boer defensive line and a breakthrough would have decisively cut their forces.

SLAUGHTER ON SPY-GLASS HILL

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Lancashire regiments principally involved – the Royal Lancasters and the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers with two companies from the South Lancashire Regiment, half a company of Royal Engineers and 200 men from Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry.

From the start it was difficult to tell who was in command; Major-General Coke was supposed to be leading the attack, but he was recovering from a broken leg and, in fact, it was Major-General Woodgate who led the vanguard with his brigade. The situation was further confused by the fact that Lieutenant-Colonel Thorneycroft was the man who actually reconnoitred the route and spear-headed the climb – and he was soon to become the dominant figure on the summit.

It was a dark night and the British troops endeavoured to climb the mountain in silence to avoid alerting the Boer picket which it was felt certain must be occupying the top They started in long grass, wet with dew, which saturated their clothes and then climbed steadily upwards until the grass gave way to bare rock Near the crest, the gradient steepened sharply and at times they had to go on all fours to scramble over the last few hundred yards. There were some heart-stopping moments when nailed boots scraped on rock, equipment was dropped or stones were dislodged, but a freshening wind was blowing off the summit and they remained undetected.

Finally, established in force on the plateau, they stealthily fixed bayonets with a flurry of light clicks and moved forward, groping their way towards the Boer picket line.

Abruptly, some of the Royal Engineers in the rear dropped a pile of entrenching tools and immediately there came from ahead the challenge, 'Wie's daar!' No reply was offered and the British flung themselves flat in the face of a fusillade of rifle fire. This had been expected and catered for; the men waited until they could hear the bolts of the Mauser rifles clicking on empty magazines and then Thorneycroft yelled 'Charge!' and the troops rushed forward to war cries of 'Majuba' and 'Bronkhorstspruit', earlier battles of the war in which the British had been beaten. The Boer picket, about one hundred strong, turned and ran for it; a moment later, Warren's men far below could hear three faint cheers from the summit. Spion Kop had been skilfully captured at the cost of three men slightly wounded.

It may be as well, at this juncture, to examine again the chain of command in this rather casual and haphazard operation. General Buller, the supreme commander, was back in his headquarters on the lofty eminence of Mount Alice some three miles in the rear, south of the Tugela. With the coming of daylight he would be able to see a great deal more of what was going on at the summit of Spion Kop through a telescope than could General Warren who was established near Fairview Farm, practically in the shadow of the mountain. Somewhere about half way up the southern approach to Spion Kop lay the headquarters of Major General Coke, who was nominally in command of the attack but, because of his broken leg, was unable to make the final section of the ascent and who was probably more in the dark about what was going on at the top than anyone.

Finally, at the summit itself there was Major General Woodgate, the local senior officer and the redoubtable, but rather junior, Lieutenant Colonel Thorneycroft. All through the night attack the beetling buttress of Spion Kop had been shrouded in a dense blanket of mist and with the coming of daylight it did not immediately disperse. Woodgate had had no instructions other than to occupy the summit. He ordered the men to dig in, but only the shallowest of trenches could be scraped out of the thin soil because the entrenching tools almost immediately struck solid rock. The troops did their best but the cover was skimpy to say the least.

It was three hours after dawn before the curtain of mist evaporated with dramatic suddenness, revealing at last to the British troops on the summit their true position in relation to the enemy It was to come as an unpleasant shock to them.

Until this point, almost nothing had been known of the Boer dispositions, but when an officer, casually munching a sandwich of Gentleman's Relish, suddenly toppled over with a Mauser bullet through the brain, it became obvious that the British investment of Spion Kop was decidedly vulnerable. The holiday atmosphere of conquest abruptly vanished.

It was only now that Woodgate discovered that he had not captured the entire crest. Beyond the British entrenchments, across some dead ground, the Boers occupied a feature at the northern extremity of Spion Kop named Aloe Knoll; and, worse than this, the entire British position was swept by artillery or rifle fire from Boer emplacements through an arc of 120 degrees, stretching from Green Hill to the northwest across to Conical Hill, more or less due north, around to Twin Peaks in the east where riflemen, pom-pom gunners and artillerymen looked straight down the length of the British trench system.

As soon as the mist cleared, the Boers poured a withering fire onto the exposed British position and within half an hour the situation had become critical. At 8.30 am Woodgate was mortally wounded with a bullet in the head and Lieutenant Colonel Crofton of the Royal Lancasters found himself the senior surviving officer at the summit headquarters. He immediately sent off a panicky message asking for reinforcements.

Back at Fairview Farm, Warren, still quite unaware of the true position on the summit and reassured at intervals with sanguine messages from Coke – who had still not managed to reach the top where his troops were engaged – ordered up the Middlesex Regiment, the Imperial Light Infantry, the 2nd Scottish Rifles and a dismounted squadron of Bethune's Light Horse.

Warren, it seemed, was determined to reinforce and hold the hill at all costs; this might have been a brilliant, if somewhat costly, manoeuvre if he had immediately launched a decisive attack on the hills ahead of him dominating the Fairview-Rosalie road to Ladysmith. The Boers, under Louis Botha, had concentrated all their resources and firepower on the reconquest of Spion Kop, and a determined offensive – for which Warren had plenty of troops available – would almost certainly have been successful in penetrating the enemy defences.

But he took no such action and, more

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Continuous Boer counter-attacks were only repulsed after savage hand-to-hand fighting.

TIO PEPE
TIO PEPE
THE other sherry
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ
DRY FINO
ELEGANTE SHERRY
ELEGANTE
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GONZALEZ BYASS
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MEDIUM DRY AMONTILLADO
CONCHA SHERRY
CONCHA
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ
SWEET GOLDEN
ROMANO CREAM SHERRY
ROMANO CREAM
SEDOSO
GONZALEZ BYASS
JEREZ
SWEET AMOROSO
BRISTOL MILK SHERRY
PRODUCE OF SPAIN
BRISTOL MILK
by GONZALEZ BYASS

SLAUGHTER ON SPY-GLASS HILL

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important, neither did Buller who from Mount Alice had a bird's eye view of the progress of the battle for Spion Kop. Buller, indeed, now made his sole remaining contribution to the events of the day. The news of Woodgate's injury had reached him by telegraph from Warren's headquarters and, after consultation with his staff, none of whom had great confidence in Crofton or in Blomfield, the only other full Lieutenant Colonel at that time on the summit, he wired back: 'Unless you put some really good hard fighting man in command you will lose the hill. I suggest Thorneycroft.' Warren concurred and the message was heliographed to the summit. Somewhere about midday an orderly made his way to Thorneycroft, where he was lying in a salient of the trench, opened his mouth to speak and then fell dead with a bullet through the brain. Thorneycroft had to wait a few more minutes before a signalling officer crawled up to shout above the whining hiss and crack of Mauser bullets: 'Sir Charles Warren has heliographed to say that you are in command. You are a General.'

By this time the situation was becoming desperate. Reinforcements only provided further casualties and the enfilading fire from the Boer positions was taking a dreadful toll. Among the worst hit were the Lancashire Fusiliers on the right who, dead in line with the murderous fire from Aloe Knoll, were mowed down in swathes, nearly all of them shot in the right temple or the right side of the body; after the battle their bodies were found lying three and four deep in the shallow trenches they had dug.

Every so often, the artillery and rifle fire would cease and the Boers would launch a severe counter attack in an attempt to retake the hill. These were repulsed with heavy losses on both sides, but as soon as each thrust was repelled, the merciless barrage of artillery and rifle fire commenced again. In all the ordeal lasted for 11 hours.

About 1.30 pm, after a particularly severe bout of shelling, the Lancashire Fusiliers, with most of their officers killed, began to defect. They pulled out white handkerchiefs and started slipping down the mountainside to the Boer positions where they could give themselves up. One of the Boer leaders, De Kock, wrote later: 'We should have had the whole hill. The English were about to surrender and we were all coming up, when a great big, angry-faced soldier ran out of the trench on our right and shouted "I'm in command here. Take your men back to hell, sir. I allow no surrender." '

It was Thorneycroft, of course, manoeuvring his 20 stone around the trenches at surprising speed despite a wrenched ankle which he had suffered in an earlier sally. Rounding up some of his own Mounted Infantry and a detachment of the Middlesex Regiment who had just arrived on the scene, he hobbled rapidly down the slope, waving a revolver and bellowing 'Charge, men, charge!' But for his efforts, the battle would have ended ignominiously then and there with the complete collapse of the British right. As it was the Boers were bundled out of the trenches and sent scurrying back down the hill.

The confusion about who was in command on the summit continued throughout the day. Major General Coke had never been informed of Thorneycroft's appointment and he assumed that Hill, the Middlesex Colonel and next in seniority had taken charge. Hill, no doubt, considered himself in command, but conditions on the summit were such that he never had any contact with Thorneycroft during the hours of daylight and he, too, remained in ignorance of the true position.

A farcical touch was added when Colonel Cooke of the Scottish Rifles arrived, made contact with Thorneycroft and flatly refused to take orders from a brevet Lieutenant Colonel so much his junior. He solemnly returned half way down the southern slope to Coke's headquarters, there to be informed by the General that Hill was in command on the summit. None of this in any way helped to increase the efficiency of British operations.

In the meantime, the other spearhead of the British attack across the Tugela at Potgieter's Drift was sitting around unoccupied. Their commander, Major General Neville Lyttleton, the only General to emerge from the Spion Kop episode with any credit, realised that he could do something to relieve the situation and sent two regiments forward which succeeded in occupying Twin Peaks, the source of some of the worst enfilading fire onto Spion Kop. These troops, however, were not controlled by Warren, they came under the command of Buller himself who had a far better understanding of what was going on at Spion Kop than his subordinate. But, once more, a chance of swift manoeuvring and outflanking tactics was

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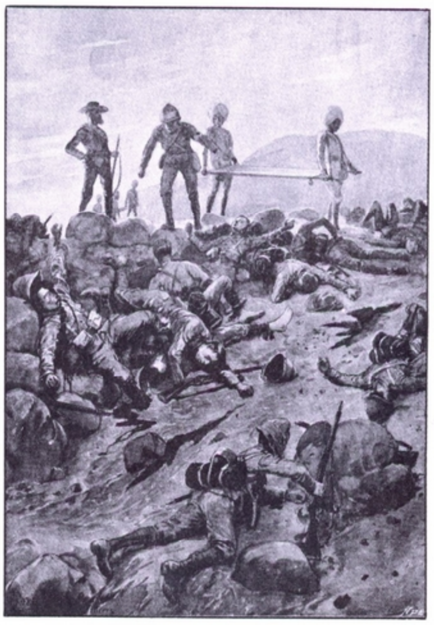

Dawn brought a temporary truce as both sides attended victims of the carnage.

SLAUGHTER ON SPY-GLASS HILL

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thrown away. The conquest of Twin Peaks did not form part of the Buller plan and Lyttleton was imperiously ordered to withdraw his men – battalions of the 60th Regiment and the Scottish Rifles. Reluctantly, Lyttleton passed the order, but not before Buchanan-Riddell, Colonel of the 60th, had reached the summit of Twin Peaks, occupied the position and seen the Boers running off to the north-west. 'Unless I get orders to retire,' Buchanan-Riddell signalled hopefully to Lyttleton, 'I shall stay here.' With that the 60th started to entrench, providing a real threat to the Boer left.

But it was not to be: Buller, furious with Lyttleton's solo escapade, ordered the 60th out and they had to withdraw from the one position which might have carried the day. They returned sullenly without their Colonel who had been struck down by a sniper's bullet while watching the retreating enemy through his field glasses. Thus, just as Dundonald had been prevented by Warren from a potentially successful manoeuvre, so now Lyttleton was prevented by Buller from exploiting the one ploy which might have saved them.

At around 6 pm in the evening a new figure entered the story of Spion Kop. He was Winston Churchill, recently escaped from imprisonment by the Boers, and now appearing once more on the scene, this time as a war correspondent.

Not content to remain in the rear at Mount Alice, Churchill had been watching developments all morning with growing concern. In the afternoon he ascended Spion Kop himself to see what was going on and, returning to Warren's headquarters at about 6 pm, he supplied, incredibly enough, the first eye-witness account of conditions on the summit since early morning. Warren was not prepared to listen.

Staff officers in the neighbourhood of his tent heard Churchill haranguing the General with phrases like: 'For God's sake don't let this be a second Majuba Hill.' In a moment Captain Levita, one of Warren's staff officers, heard the General bellowing: 'Who is this man? Take him away, put him in arrest;' and Levita led Churchill away, leaving Warren to his restless vigil.

Presently, pacified by his staff, Warren allowed Churchill to return to the summit with messages for Thorneycroft, asking his views on the situation and informing him that food and water were on the way. Pushing his way up to the summit for the second time in five hours, Churchill passed in the darkness numerous skulkers sliding down the southern approach to Spion Kop – an ominous sign, he decided. He eventually found Thorneycroft calling the roll on his dwindling force.

He delivered Warren's message, but Thorneycroft wanted none of it; he had already made up his mind to withdraw, fearing a repetition next morning of the carnage that had been suffered on the summit all day. Sadly, but with irrevocable firmness, he gave the order to disengage.

Ironically, the same thing was happening on the Boer side. Completely disheartened by the stiff British resistance, themselves suffering heavy casualties and unaware of the punishment that was being handed out to the enemy troops on the summit, the Boer commandos also were slipping away in the night, mounting their ponies and riding for home. A few remained under Commandant Red Daniel Opperman and, with the coming of dawn, they saw two figures on the summit of Spion Kop waving their hats and holding their rifles aloft. Incredulously, Opperman realised that they were Boers. The hill was theirs again! Earlier, during the night, Thorneycroft stumbled down the hill, went over to Warren's headquarters and told him the bad news. Warren, despite Churchill's previous warning was aghast; in despair he sent the Royals to prospect a route for re-occupying the summit, but before this exercise was fully under way Buller appeared on the scene and took over, returning Warren to his division.

By this time, thoroughly disenchanted with the whole operation, Buller had decided to pull out and he moved his entire force back across the Tugela. He may not have been able to win battles, but, as a commander of men, Buller had few equals. He had just thrown away the lives of 1,750 men on Spion Kop, but his retreat was carried out in exemplary fashion without the loss of a man or a wagon.

On the morning of January 27, just eight days after they had crossed the Tugela in such high spirits, Buller's army found itself once more sitting despondently on the south bank of the river. As the last man crossed over the pontoons a single valedictory shell plunged into the Tugela a few yards away, sending up a column of water – a final sardonic farewell from the Boer artillery to ring down the curtain on the tragi-comedy that we have come to call the Battle of Spion Kop.

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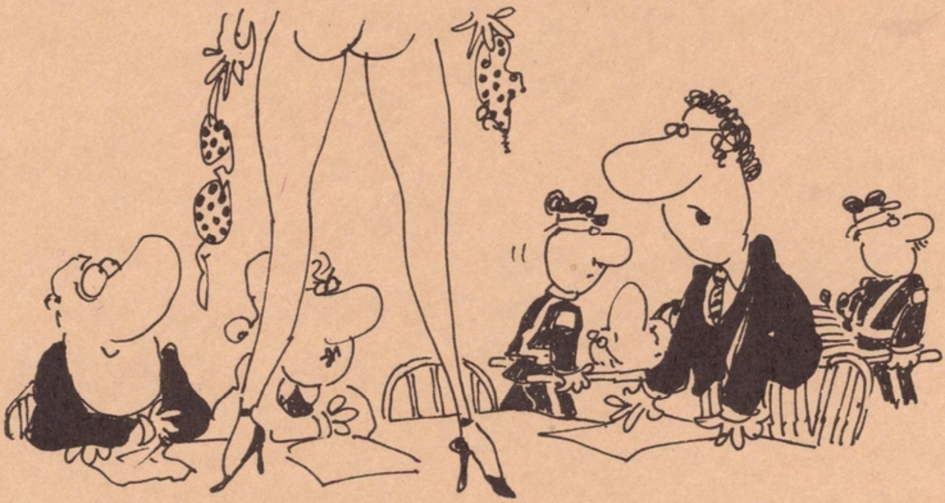
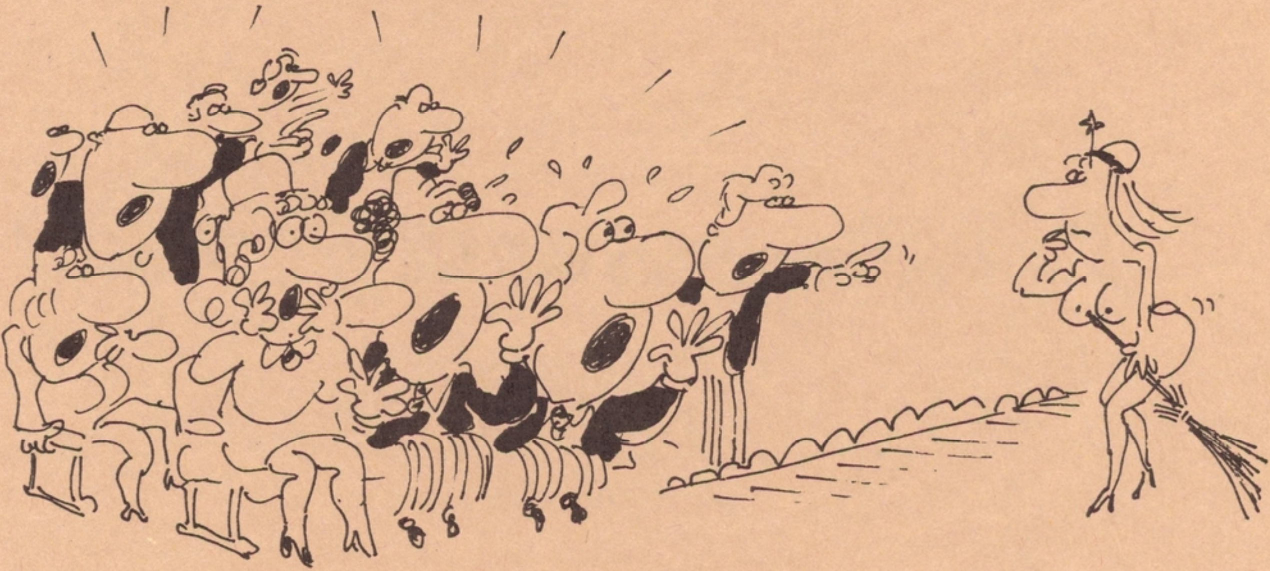
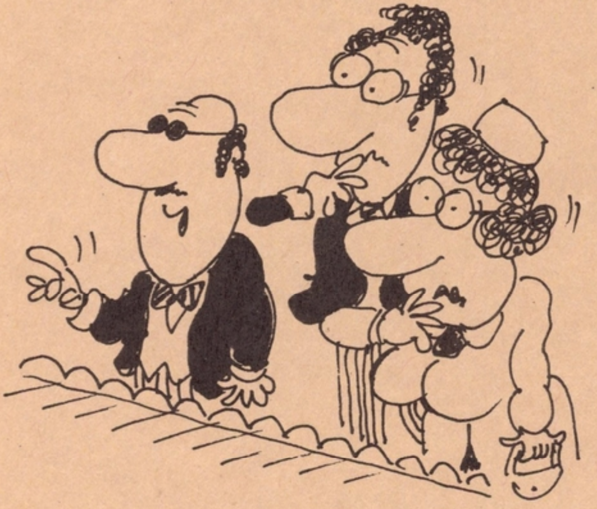


'Owing to the unfortunate accident our chairman had with his fly zip the vote for and against will have to be postponed until another session.'

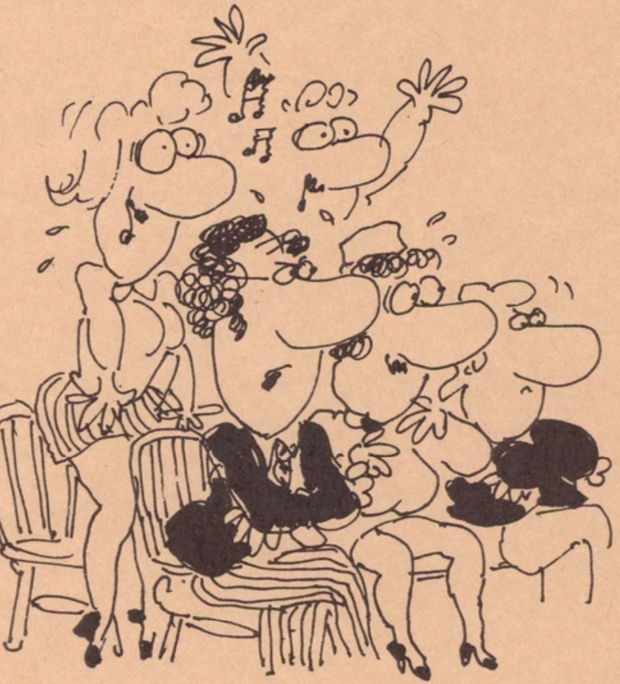


'Behind you, Cinderella – behind you!'



'There's a good reason for that bit with the broom handle. As they walk out he sweeps the stage . . .'

'On the contrary – if it wasn't for her big tits I'd find it obscene!'



'I bet he couldn't balance twelve of the old *pennies on it!'*

'Well, apart from that incident of you and that cola bottle I think we came out of it pretty unscathed!'

SECOND

Mayfair's medical

Dr Charles

The response to this new reader service has been very encouraging since we launched it in the New Year. Some of the problems raised in this and undoubtedly in future issues, may appear bizarre, but we hope that the broad scope of personal matters discussed will allow readers with every sort of sexual or medical problem to tell us about them. At the

During intercourse I have to make love extremely fast and for a great deal of time to obtain an orgasm. Maybe this doesn't sound unpleasant but not all females like making love at such a vigorous pace. Because of this I cannot always reach an orgasm and find this very frustrating.

Also, I have a weak discharge and I do worry that when the occasion arises when I am married and want children that I might have difficulty fertilising my wife. It also troubles me that I cannot give the extra enjoyment of a 'hot discharge' to my girl friend.

Lastly, my penis is not straight when erect and bends at a distinct angle. I would like to know if there is any treatment I could get to have it straightened. P.M., London, S.W.6.

Dealing with your third worry first, a bent penis is not a problem. Some are straight, some curved to the left, some to the right and some upward or downward. They all function no matter in which direction they point. It is possible, in fact, that an inclination in the penis may add to a girl's excitement during intercourse.

Taking your second query next this again varies from person to person. Some ejaculate in tremendous spurts while others send out only weak discharges but whether you ejaculate like a fire hose or whether it is just a dribble or whether the quantity is a tablespoonful or whether it is only one cc it matters not. It only needs one sperm to fertilise the egg and there are millions even in a single cc. If they are inside the vagina and there is nothing to prevent their entry they will wriggle up the Fallopian tubes and carry out their job of fertilisation.

Coming now to the question of fast action being required it seems as if your penis is rather insensitive and additional stimulation is required. This could be achieved by having a co-operative partner who would indulge in as much preliminary fore-play with your penis as possible so that you are brought nearer to the state of readiness by the time you enter her vagina. There are a number of sensitizing creams available which could also be tried. In a sense, you are fortunate as you are able to give your bed partner a much more extended sex act and even if she did have an orgasm prior to yours she would still be ready to continue, unlike many men who once they have ejaculated are finished. I am sure that many of those who complain about premature ejaculation would willingly change places with you.

I have had intercourse on several occasions recently but have found little satisfaction. My girl friend is not on the Pill so I have to use contraceptives. I think it may be possible that wearing a condom is behind the fact that my sexual endeavours have thus far been unsatisfying. R.S., Sandwich.

Assuming that both of you are fit and well and that the girl is keen on sex it may well be that the sheath does prevent your obtaining complete satisfaction. This depends, of course, on what exactly you mean by satisfaction.

There are a wide variety of sheaths on the market of different textures and thicknesses and initially I would suggest experimenting with as wide a variety as possible to see if the reason is due to tactile causes. If the girl is not willing to go on the Pill or be fitted with an internal device (the Coil) then you should consider the use of the very latest contraceptive on the market, the 'C' film. These are small squares of impregnated material which dissolve when inserted inside the vagina. They may be inserted by the girl herself, pushed up just a few minutes prior to intercourse during love play, or even put on the end of the penis before insertion when they will slide up the vaginal channel. Tests have proved them to be extremely effective, comparable to other methods of contraception and these may well prove to be the ideal solution. The Pill, of course, eliminates all preparations prior to the sex act which some people undoubtedly find rather off-putting.

I am 29 years old and have been married to my husband for 10 years. We have two children and I have a full time job. Although our sex life is regular it is not a happy one. My husband complains that I never take the initiative and I feel physically revolted when he tries to force me to partake in fellatio and cunnilingus. The few times when I do want him and also when I 'give in' to him I end up in a tearful state. I sometimes wonder if my attitude towards him is because he thinks nothing of hitting me, raping me and at times committing 'buggery' much against my will. The first time I went out with my husband I was still a virgin and I was frightened about sex. He raped me on that first occasion. We had a daughter as a result.

I am, I admit, a nervous person. My parents split up when I was little and my mother has lived with a man for some years. They are not married. The man 'put up' with children but was far from kind to us.

Perhaps this is what is behind my problem but whatever it is things are so bad that my husband is threatening to leave me

OPINION

consultancy with Vintner

same time, a look at some of the letters and replies should afford many of our readers a unique insight into some of the human problems which are all too often, and regrettably, hidden from our doctors. Dr Vintner feels that most GPs have little time to devote to such cases. His guidance is intended to complement the reader's doctor's advice.

for another woman because of my lack of response. I do try but nothing works. R.S.(Mrs), Gloucester.

I feel that your husband is in need of attention or at least some advice on how to handle a woman, for I am sure that if he behaved in a normal and loving manner towards you and respected your feelings you would find yourself more able to respond toward him sexually. I can understand your initial reaction when first attempting intercourse and had your husband had any respect for you and thought of your future happiness he would not have forced you to go through with intercourse at that stage but rather have waited until you were ready. Possibly he should have left it until you married, and then, when conditions were absolutely right you might well have been willing and anxious to enjoy the full joys of sex.

Many women are fundamentally unable to take the initiative in these matters. You are by no means alone in this respect. This is more often than not due to influences during childhood when parents impressed on their children that the sexual act was 'dirty'. Also, children whose parents have an unhappy sex life come to associate scenes, tearfulness or bad temper with an act of sex and this impression stored in their mind cannot easily be eradicated. It can be done but needs an extensive course of psychotherapy.

Your husband's thoughtlessness and sheer selfishness is evident by his forcing you to take part in cunnilingus and fellatio. This variation, whilst very much enjoyed by many couples, is just not for everybody. I can well appreciate how you feel, especially in view of your background and your lack of ability to initiate the sex act. Here again your husband is the one who needs treatment, if only to make him realise that women vary in their attitudes and that his wife finds the matter so distasteful that you only take part in such acts as a last resort when your resistance is low and you literally give in just to keep the peace.

I would suggest that you consult a psychotherapist. There must be several in the surrounding area. If you fully explained your problems he might be able to help you in at least understanding the reason for your present attitude. Whether this would help you to adopt a more accommodating outlook towards your husband's demands and a more relaxed approach to the variations is one thing that could not be guaranteed at this stage.

You state that your husband threatens to find another woman because of your lack of response. As you are obviously so incompatible this might be the best possible solution but as this would probably mean the break-up of the home such a step would be far from simple.

A few months ago I noticed some small spots around the tip of my foreskin. Although I have read some medical books on the subject of VD I cannot tell whether this is what I am suffering from. It is over six months since I have been in contact with a girl. I am worried about it and wonder if I should see a doctor about it. R.G., Belfast.

Had it been VD you would have noticed the effects long before now but you should not have left this for so long. You state 'a few months' before seeking help. A word of warning to you and to anyone else who may suddenly find some odd pimples, spots, blemishes, sores or rashes appearing on or around the genitals. *Delay can be terribly dangerous.* Seek medical help *immediately*. Treatment can be very simple and the sooner it is started the sooner the cause is cured, even if it is VD. Your trouble sounds like a simple infection. It could be a rash of some sort, quite possibly an allergy caused by the detergents in which your underclothes have been washed.

I would certainly recommend a medical check-up just to be quite sure there is nothing wrong internally and if that proves negative then make sure that your underwear is quite clean before putting it on. Urine rash can also produce spots during hot weather.

We invite readers to submit any problems they feel Dr Charles Vintner can help with. All letters will be treated as confidential. No names and addresses will ever be published, but full names and addresses must be included in your letters. Your letters will be acknowledged by an acknowledgement sent in a plain sealed envelope. Because of delay between receiving a letter and publishing an answer, letters to be used in the magazine may have the advice sent direct to the letter writer in advance of publication. Letters which are not to be used will not receive a private answer. No correspondence can be entered into.

Please do not waste our time and yours with invented problems and spurious addresses.

Address your letters to: Dr Charles Vintner, Mayfair Magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

Love, as the gourmet said when he found a Guide Michelin star tattooed on his mistress's shaven *mons Veneris*, is all a matter of taste. And that in its turn reminds me of what the minister's new bride said when he rebuked her on their wedding night – he'd found her lying naked on their hotel bed: 'I expected to find you on your knees.' Replied the girl: 'Well all right, but it always gives me hiccups.'

And what has all that to do with this month's latest salty but significant reading? For a start, there's as epic a piece of blackmail as ever you'll find in a tail of a guy and a frail. Hal Bennett's powerful black saga **Lord of Dark Places** (Sphere, 40p) is about a black male prostitute who tries to go straight, gets married, even works for his living. But an old white lady who lives next door has seen him up to some criminal no-good and when she feels like it extorts her pound of flesh.

Sorry about the mixed metaphors, but when you're used to keeping it straight and pleasurable, like Joe our hero, sometimes for sale and sometimes for free, a pair of blue-veined thighs round your neck tends to be more than you've bargained for. Old Mary offers to take off her high-buttoned shoes, the old-fashioned kind with high heels and pearl buttons studded in the grey suede, that she wears for support, but for Joe as he strips off her negligee and bloomers, they aren't the problem at all.

' "No," said Joe, "the shoes don't bother me."

' "Then," said old Mary, "you'll do me the favour?" '

Joe is inquisitive – much as a man might be before the firing squad tightens their trigger fingers. ' "What'll you do if I don't?" '

Mary's response is simple: ' "I could notify the police . . . they could try you for murder, you know . . ." '

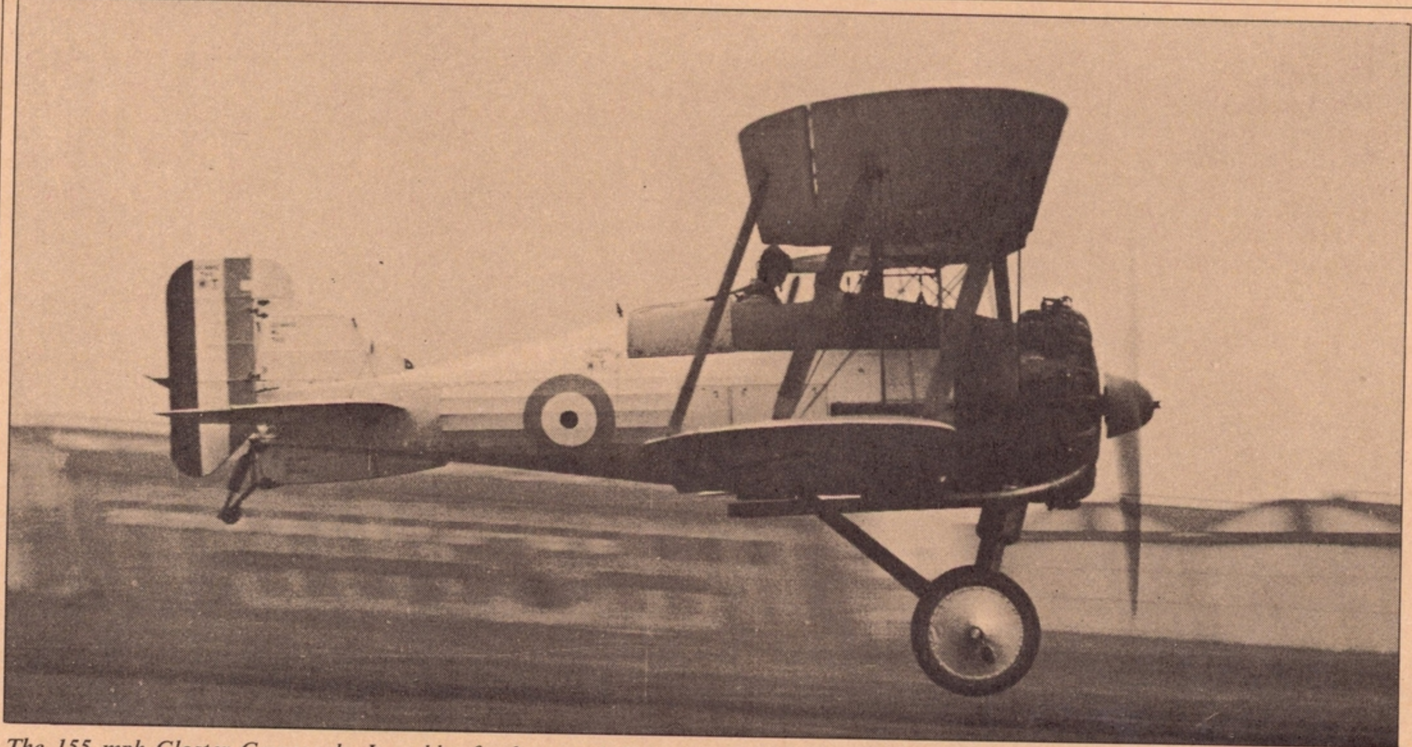
To do Joe justice, he keeps his cool. '"You don't leave me much choice," he said quietly. "I know. That's because I'm a desperate woman." Her eyes were full of pity but he saw that she would not relent. "I *need* it, don't you understand? I'm going to die soon. It may be the last time before I die . . . My husband was good for only one thing. I've missed his doing it so much." She pulled her dress higher. "Do you suppose you could me the favour? It's the only price I'm asking."

'She reached out and clutched him firmly by the head. He was in a panic . . . How many times had he done the same thing to men and women, grabbing them by the head and tugging them with a slow, cruel smile into the nest of his sex? He resisted her pull, but desperation gave her strength, her fingers seemed made of wire. "Come, dear child . . . you'll find it's not so unpleasant as it seems." He held his breath. "That's right," Mary said inching forward toward him . . . "that's right . . . just one more time before I die . . ." Like ecstatic horns of Satan the grey suede shoes dug into his butt.'

No, friends, not at all what Joe was used to. Yet that's the power women may sometimes hold over us. But of course, what we experienced men of the world recognise can come down upon anyone of us at any time and hold us in its thunderously pleasurable thrall, that is, the sheer power of womanhood, is alien to our hero. His experience, despite its extensive range, is frankly limited. For example, when his wife, a handsome enough but neglected woman, coaxes him to go indoors to bed, out there in their own back yard, he responds with casual violence, '"Let's do it here," She tries to get away, but Joe's body works its magic on her:

'He ground her against the wall and she went limp in his arms. "Joe, don't do that, honey. Honey . . . you going to make me wet my pants." She was breathing like a racehorse. "Get wet," he said. "They'll dry again in no while, all this heat." He eased his hands underneath her blouse and squeezed her breasts . . . "It just ain't fair," she moaned. Her voice sounded like she might break out into a scream any minute. He lowered his head leisurely and swallowed her big mouth with his, scream and all. He had her pinned against the wall, her fists beat a helpless tattoo against his back as he corkscrewed brutally against her. In a little while she would reach her climax. He unlocked his mouth from her and rammed his tongue into the bitter cavity of her ear . . . He felt a tremor run through her body, and she jerked both legs up and locked them in a scissors around his waist. She threw her head back and gave a muffled groan.'

Did I say that Joe didn't know women, too, could wield that kind of power? More accurately, I should report that he'd *forgotten*. Before I'm pigeonholed and filed once and for all as a male chauvinist and all that razzamatazz, I must narrate, with Hal Bennett's assistance, what it's like when women have the power. It happens to Joe down South in the USA, when he is just a



The 155 mph Gloster Gamecock. Its tubby fuselage, radial engine and twin machine guns were typical of British air fighters in the 1920s. One of over 30 halftone illustrations from 'Air Defence of Great Britain' (Ian Allan £3·30) by John R. Bushby. A critical survey of Britain's air defence strategy, the book traces the history of the thin blue line from Zeppelins to today's SAM missiles.

teenage kid, no more sex-mad than another and no less.

And so it comes to pass that a young white woman compels him to screw her. If he runs away, she makes it quite clear that she'll tell some white men that he got fresh with her, and then they'd lynch him. Of course, if any white men came across Joe while he was coming across this imperious young white girl, then they'd lynch him anyway, but that has to be the chance he has to take. Like old Mary at the start of my story, this young jane has him by the short hairs . . . Only problem was, this white girl is locked inside a high wire fence (no doubt her father suspects her propensities). She can't get out. Joe can't climb in. Only her threat (and the sight of her pussy each time she raises her dress) keeps him close.

With a little help and encouragement from the girl, Joe manages to slide his hard, erect peter through a hole in the wire fence. ' "Hurry," she said, watching his peter inching toward her like it was something good to eat.

'He thought he would faint. Standing on his tip toes, clutching the fence for support, they drove their hips angrily at each other. He was throwing all of himself that he could at her now, that wire fence kept him from getting all his peter up inside her. He pulled on the fence, trying to yank it from between them. But she pulled the fence right back so that it swayed between them as she slid her deep, tight pussy up and down on Joe's peter.'

Well, all good things (bad ones, too) have to come to an end. Joe finds this out the hard way, for all that he thought he'd be having it easy. Women have a power we mortal men cannot deny, cannot avoid and, speaking for myself, don't really want to.

Maybe it's all summed up by the story of the beautiful actress who was engaged in conversation by a stuttering man. She gave him pencil and paper to write down what he was trying to say, explaining: 'I've had this experience before. Whenever men see me, their tongues get so hard, they can't talk.'

Lastly a brief word on **Making Friends with the Opposite Sex** (Cressrells £2·50). Authoress Emily Coleman argues for a selfish hour when anything goes and the sexless affair. Now there's an innovation for you!

Geronimo! Monique van der Ven takes the plunge in a new erotic film 'Turkish Delight'. Reviewed below.

FILMS

David Quinlan

Each genre of the cinema, however deplorably derivative or depressing in itself, invariably produces at least one gem. All the more pleasure therefore in finding two first-class examples of the violent police thriller which had until now seemed to be sinking to the mire in which the spaghetti western has now buried itself.

In the first of these, **Busting** (X), director Peter Hyams' lust (love is too mild a word) for the tracking shot lends impetus and edge-of-seat suspense to the story of two youngish Los Angeles police detectives (Elliott Gould, Robert Blake), with a fine, wisecracking relationship, for whom disillusionment with the Department is rapidly setting in.

When they bust a high-class hooker (Cornelia Sharp) who'll slip off her dress for $100 or so, a call to their sergeant from someone up above gets her off. When they bust a junkie (Erin O'Reilly) who gives massages under the sponsorship of a dope peddler, whom they also arrest, both are out on bail by the morning. A visit to a drag-strip show results in little more than an unusual beating-up. 'Dear mum,' laments Gould to his partner. 'I am swell. How are you? Fag ate my leg.' For all the cynicism, the leg needs stitches.

All this nefarious activity is controlled by Rizzo (Allen Garfield), one of the town's crime bosses, who's as fat as his wallet. They harry him on every side. They break up his kooch club by announcing they're the vice squad and the kooch dancer's 'mammary glands are exposed;' sit next to him in church; and set fire to his car to help him celebrate at his birthday banquet. 'Close your eyes,' they tell him, 'and make a wish.'

Their reward is a brutal beating-up – the film's concession to this violent age, although its approach is more that of a Bogart thriller of the late Forties. But do they give in? As I said, the film is old-fahioned in sentiment and style, even if the ending combines the right air of bitterness with its romantic ideals.

The rawness and crudity of the dialogue is offset by the pace of the action, and the intelligent use of dramatic music to tighten an audience's grip on the arm of its seat. All these elements, pace (I've never seen actors actually *run* so fast) action, music and very swift tracking shots fuse brilliantly together in a chase through supermarket that, for sheer breathless excitement and suspense, kicks the hell out of a similar sequence in *Magnum Force*. Gould returns to near his best form as Keneely, but Blake steals the picture, cigarette dangling from his mouth unlit, to be smoked only after he has taken his ugly beating.

Like most of the rest, *Busting* portrays the corruption of 75 per cent of America's police with persuasively graphic clarity. **The Seven-Ups** (X), rock-hard though it is, doesn't actually show its cops as crooked. This is a spare and bleak thriller from *The French Connection* team, beautifully directed again, this time by Philip d'Antoni (who produced *Connection*), a man who knows just how to achieve the effects he wants, and how they'll fit in with the story.

Roy Scheider, Gene Hackman's partner in the earlier film, confidently handles a solo starring role as the leader of the Seven-Ups, a quartet of undercover cops who fish in hardened criminals (seven-year-plus men) where more orthodox methods have failed. When one of the Seven-Ups is killed, Scheider drives hard for revenge, and gets it, in a shatteringly forceful ending reminiscent of *The Maltese Falcon*.

There's hardly a girl to be seen in *The Seven-Ups*, but plenty of them (mostly lying down on the job) in **Turkish Delight** (X), a slice of erotica which has already had enormous success in its native Holland. And I think I can see why. It combines explicit sex scenes with a storyline that strongly resembles *Love Story* and *The Way We Were*.

Boy meets girl. Boy lays girl (in car). Boy falls in love with girl. Boy marries girl. Girl is unfaithful. Boy divorces girl. Boy meets girl years later: she is re-married, re-divorced and obviously ill. It's a brain tumour, folks, and boy sits in hospital ward while girl (whom he loved all along – in case you hadn't guessed), expires prettily against the sunset.

The sex scenes provide something for heterosexuals – the boy takes the girl's briefs off while they're dancing; fetishists – he plants a carnation in her bottom, then smacks her; and sadists – a woman tries to drag the couple apart while they are actually copulating. In the end, boy suffers, girl suffers. But audience suffer most of all, although the girl, Monique van der Ven, goes mad quite well.

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Two of Britain's most experienced and accomplished jazz musicians, Stan Tracey and Mike Osborne have made an album of continuous improvisation, **Original** (Cadillac Records SGC 1002). Tracey, voted top pianist for six consecutive years, is a major creative force in the world of jazz; a skilful and ceaselessly inventive musician. Alto sax man Mike Osborne, plays some beautiful fluid phrases; his music is full of contrasts and subtleties. The duo have a rare unity and understanding and the music flows naturally without being forced. Osborne opens with a plaintive passage, but soon the mood has changed and a volley of notes is fluttering over Tracey's percussive keyboard work. These men possess a depth of musical insight that is awesome. There is a balance and clarity ideal for spontaneous work. Jazz has always developed in the sense that its exponents have tried new methods of expression. Here Osborne and Tracey are furthering that tradition. A truly great original.

Reading Festival '73 (GM Records GML 1008) is a live album capturing the highlights of last year's most successful rock festival. Rory Gallagher's hard working rock blues band open the proceedings with 'Hands off' a jumping boogie, with large helpings of Gallagher's guitar. Then Strider cut loose with a heavy version of Bo Diddley's 'Road Runner'. This is followed by one of the most polished performances on the album, Greenslade singing and playing their wistful 'Feathered Friends'. Status Quo end side one with 'Don't waste my time'. Rod Stewart and The Faces open side two with 'Losing You' which contains a lengthy drum solo. Then Andy Bown sings 'Long legged Linda'. Lesley Duncan's 'Earth Mother' is a poignant song, nicely sung. Two numbers from Tim Hardin to go out on 'Hang on to a dream' and 'Person to Person'. The album, produced by Chris Beckwith and Jimmy Horowitz, provides a nice taste of last year's Reading Festival

The Hungarian composer Bela Bartok has had a tremendous influence over 20th century music His compositions can be tense and volatile or take on a strange, ethereal lyricism He collected many folk melodies which were transmuted by his highly personal style. **Bartok violin concerto No. 2 Contrasts for clarinet violin and piano** (Turnabout TV 34480S) is a recording of two compositions which showsBartok's concern with principles of form. He had perfect command of technical resources and used an almost mathematically exact balance of formal divisions. The violinist is Susanne Lautenbacher. The violin part for the second concerto requires a high degree of technical perfection and the various elements of Bartok's style are evident, by turns exuberant, passionate and brilliant. 'Contrasts' is basically a Hungarian 'dance pair' (slow and fast) extended by a slow interlude. The reason for the title is that the sound of the clarinet doesn't blend with that of the violin and neither blends with the piano. If you think you are immune to the appeal of Bartok's music listen carefully to this album. It might just change your mind.

'About time too – I rang the fire brigade hours ago.'

Selected titles from THE MAYFAIR BOOK SOCIETY

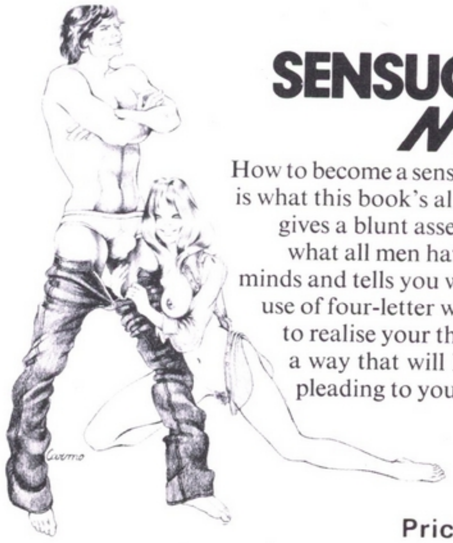
The book that really *shows* you . . .

SEXUAL TECHNIQUES

This book smashes through the lingering barriers of sexual ignorance and superstition like no other book before it. In detailed full page photographs a young man and a beautiful girl demonstrate 42 separate lovemaking positions. In the text, Mogens Toft discusses ways of positioning and moving the body to regulate orgasmic pleasure. The pictures show how the girl manipulates her own or her partner's erotogenic zones simultaneously with intercourse to induce heightened sensations. They show how parts of the body can be fondled and caressed during intercourse and how thrusting movements of the legs, thighs and the body can increase satisfaction; how the woman can caress the man when he takes her from behind and how she can use her thighs to squeeze and stimulate his organs. Here are displayed a whole range of positions for lovemaking together with detailed descriptions and diagrams showing how the different positions affect the contact of the organs of man and woman. The reader can study them in depth and emulate them in his or her search for complete sexual fulfilment.

By their very explicitness, the pictures in this book will shock many. We do not wish to offend Book Club members and we warn purchasers of its revealing nature.

Price £2.70



THE SENSUOUS MAN

How to become a sensuous man is what this book's all about. It gives a blunt assessment of what all men have in their minds and tells you with much use of four-letter words how to realise your thoughts in a way that will have girls pleading to you for more

Price £2.20

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SEX *but were afraid to ask*

No question is too intimate for an honestly detailed answer in this frankest of sex books: Is the rear entry position natural? Do many men suffer from premature ejaculation? What do homosexuals do together? What can a man do with two girls at the same time? Which aphrodisiacs work? This book gives you, plain, perhaps shocking, truth.

Price £2.25

SURROGATE WIFE

The Masters and Johnson clinic used sexy girls to help men overcome sexual problems. The girls' experiences helped bring them to understand the problems men face in bed. Now one of them, Valerie Scott, tells her very intimate and arousing story. She is a woman who knows how to turn the most insecure male into a rampant and sensual bedmate. Her story can help any man's sex life.

Price £2.70

LIVING IS LOVING

Are younger women the most sensual? How do you avoid premature ejaculation? What turns a *frigid* woman wild? Danish sexologists Inge and Sten Hegeler use commonsense, humour and totally explicit drawings to show what makes for a happy and satisfying sex life. A sequel to *ABZ of Love* and *XYZ of Love* this book covers aids to masturbation, positions for oral sex and the use of a pubis ring.

Price £1.75

LOVE'S PICTURE BOOK

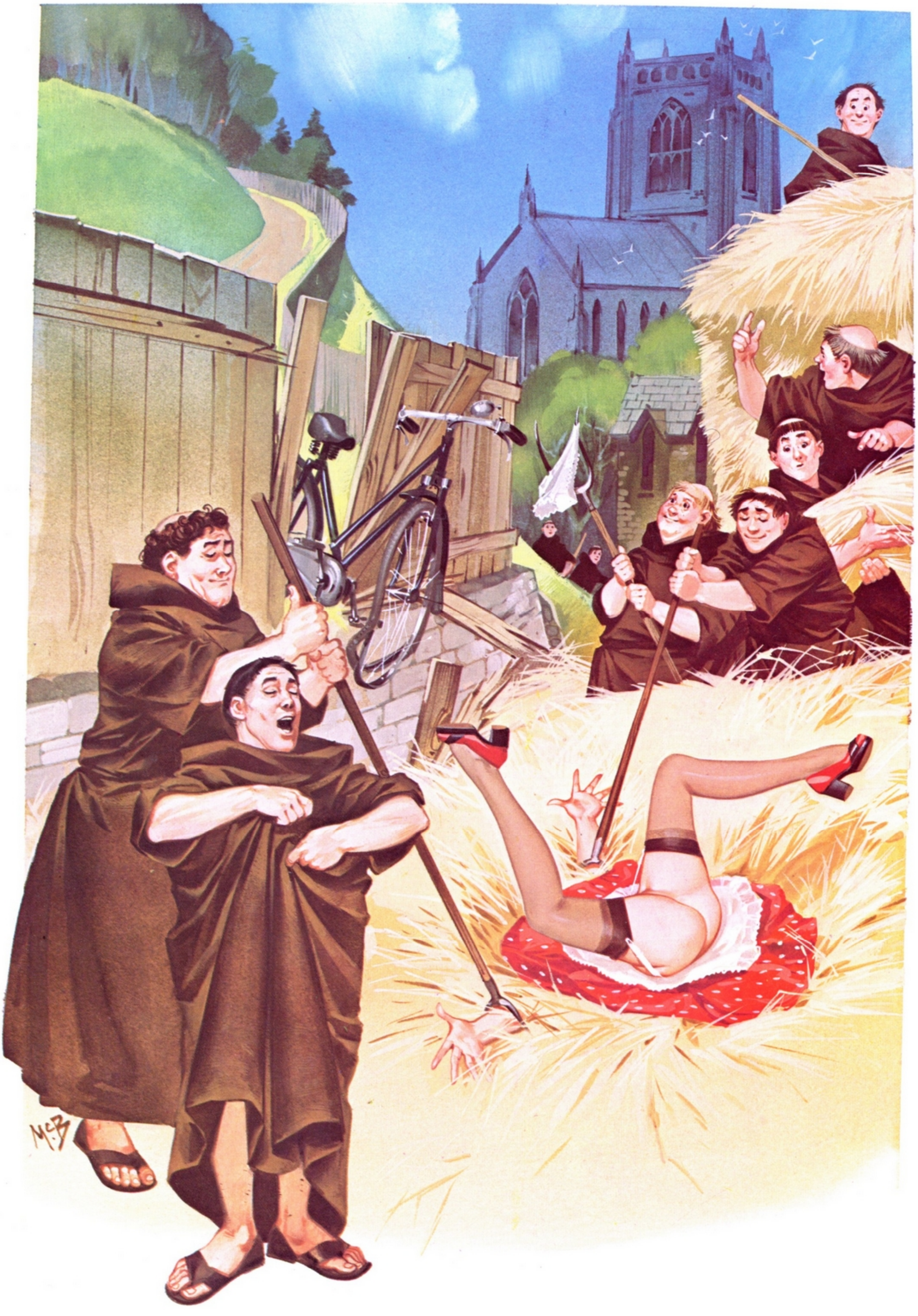
A history of love, lust and pleasure pictured in two exciting volumes each of which contains over 160 black and white pictures. Volume I traces the development of erotica from classical Greek times to the pornography of pre-Revolution France. Volume II continues this explicit history up to modern times and shows that there is nothing new about today's tolerance of erotica.

Price £2.75 each. Both volumes: £5.30

NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME HERE WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?

At last a sexually adept woman has written down the intimate and exact details of what turns women on – insights that even the most carnal of modern Casanovas might take years to discover. Wise and witty Ruth Dickson, author of *Married Men Make the Best Lovers,* gives the details of the things that drive her wild, and gives frank advice to the lucky girls themselves.

Price £2.70 (When ordering, shorten title to 'Got Me Here')



'Brethren, for what we are about to receive . . .'

BAWDY MEMOIRS OF A

Author Terence Mooney claims he found this unique testament to 19th century

In this year of Grace 1845, viewing dispassionately the rich pageantry of the elegant yet so splendidly vigorous London in which we live, it is indeed difficult to believe that a new era has dawned.

In less than a decade since royal Victoria's accession attempts have been made to impose a more sober standard of behaviour on all sections of the populace. Yet the traditions of the Regency die hard. It is not only the coachmen that stand proudly swishing their tall, silver-knobbed canes on the platforms of the crested coaches. Most aristocrats pay scant regard to the impertinent efforts of the new Victorian moralists, while the ageing bucks of the defunct Hellfire Club persist in taking their pleasure of the wives and daughters of their tenantry.

Such a one is Sir Claude Snatchballs-Curtisham. A moron determined to spend the remainder of his life aping the rakish exploits of his youth.

I met him at the Cavendish where I have some small reputation as a swordsman. The old roue bored me to distraction yet, withal, I was pleased to accept an invitation to stay at his house. The reason being that, on the night of the Hunt Ball, I had lost my heart to the most beautiful woman in town.

The Honourable Lady Cecille Snatchballs-Curtisham, daughter of a baron, wife of a fool. A most curvaceous, brown-eyed brunette of surpassing loveliness. Her mouth is Cupid's Bow and, although rouge has been forsaken by some ladies of quality, her lips are painted vermilion and ready for kissing.

That evening her gown had been exceedingly décolleté and I had witnessed her apple cheeks turn scarlet when she caught my eyes devouring the luscious expanse of her bosom.

By horse to the Snatchballs estate, a country village outside the city. To be greeted with cordial enquiry as to physical condition after the dusty journey; whence my hearty assertion of rude health brought a rosepink blush to my lady's cheeks.

During the days that followed I became utterly infatuated with the exquisite Cecille. Though quietness and delicacy were the qualities most admired in women, the clothes of the period flattered the hour-glass shape. Sometimes she wore flounced dresses; at other times her skirt would be maintained by petticoats with a low waist, so that the lines of her close-fitting bodice emphasised the superlative breasts, thrusting them boldly up and out.

On the lawn one afternoon she slipped and fell backwards. Her skirts shot up exposing all below her waist. With the exception of her flesh-coloured stockings she was quite naked underneath.

In England it has been the custom for centuries that ladies wear no drawers. I was delighted to observe that my darling had rejected pantaloons, a new and most unwelcome attempt to change fashion in society.

Her nether limbs were bare and, as she sprawled helplessly in her little poke bonnet tied with pink ribbon, I saw that, above the frilled edge of her green bodice, her buppies had blossomed sensationally, to reveal half-inch long nipples sniffing appreciatively the warm summer air.

My eyes switched to the voluptuous cheeks of her splendid arse; to the dainty area of her sex coyly winking up at me 'twixt heavenly thighs.

Cecille, blushing crimson, struggled to

VICTORIAN GENTLEMAN

sensuality in the pages of an 1870 Bradshaw. Illustrations by Ronald Cobb

regain her balance. Before she could recover I was down on the grass, my face pushing apart reluctant satin flesh.

'What a beautiful picture!'

Male lips pressed ardently to yielding soft lips of the most appealing texture. She protested weakly: 'Terence! Pray . . . desist!'

When I ignored her plea the wench lay back with a sigh of surrender, offering no further resistance as I had my slavering carnal way with her. Soon her immaculate thighs began to twitch, clasping and caressing my cheeks.

I arose and dropped my breeches and, although the enchanting maid blushed demurely, her eyes inspected the organ keenly. Borne on the zephyr breeze came her faint whisper:

'Oh, Terence! How . . . monstrous!'

From the illustrious haunts of Mayfair came the Hampton family. The Reverend Benjamin, his second wife Justine and his daughter Francine were taking advantage of an invitation my parents, now abroad, had extended. It was my duty as scion of an ancient house to entertain our guests. Francine intrigued me. She was 17 years old, on holiday from her finishing school in Switzerland. A fresh, blonde beauty with classical bones in a smooth pale face. Like most Victorian misses, she was painfully shy yet, beneath her diffident manner, I sensed a smouldering sensuality.

Physically she was over-developed for her tender years; there was no ignoring the challenge of her arrogant breasts and mature, fully-rounded bottom.

These days mothers are apt to keep their daughters too long in juvenile clothes. It was embarrassingly obvious that Francine had emerged into womanhood. In her coal-scuttle bonnet with pink ribbons, honey-coloured hair neatly parted, she looked quite adorable.

Kneeling in the garden I indicated a rose of outstanding beauty. The young miss squatted before me. 'Oh, how lovely!' she exclaimed.

I gaped up into the most alluring display of female privates. Her legs were wide apart, the tops of her stockings visible well above the knees. Lush flesh of inner thighs ended at her crotch, where I could see the schoolgirl's soft cleavage clearly outlined in tight silk drawers cut scandalously brief. Her pink dress had ridden up above her knees; a wide belt controlled her bodice out of which her magnificent breasts were bursting in almost complete nudity.

I arose, with difficulty. 'A token of my esteem, young lady,' proffering the bloom.

'Thank you,' she smiled, guilelessly. 'Sir! You have pricked yourself!'

Indeed.

Her parents were away for the day.

Francine yawned delicately. 'Sir, may I retire for a while?'

'Certainly. I shall bring up a hot drink shortly.'

I got undressed, put on a robe. Could this be . . .?

When I entered the bedroom, the young girl sat up in bed. 'How thoughtful! Sir, your feet are bare. May I offer you warmth?'

With a touching, childlike gesture she lifted the bedsheet, inviting me naively to the fragrant intimacy of her bed.

Hastily I threw off my robe and clambered in, Francine adjusting the sheets. She seemed unaware of my nudity.

Suddenly our arms were around each other in loving embrace. I could feel my

When the insatiable Francine returned to Europe I transferred my attentions to her stepmother.

The haughty Justine Hampton was dark with a seductive figure, a high cheekboned face and large luminous eyes; her jet-black hair bound up in a horse's tail.

She was perhaps forty years younger than her husband and treated him with scorn.

Though she kept our relationship distant, she was too well-bred not to scrupulously observe the social amenities: after all, she was living in *my* home, even though she occasionally snapped and ordered me about like a manservant. This outrageous behaviour made me desire her the more.

I caught her playing games. She was wearing a lovely pink dress, her hands resting on a child's hoop. A gentle wind wafted the skirt high above her hips. My disbelieving eyes widened on rounded buttocks split in twain. Was there an aperture in the snow-white transparent material of her pantaloons? The wind dropped, the hem fell lazily and Madam was again respectable.

At dinner she failed to appear. 'Don't mind Justine,' apologized the Bishop. 'She probably expects something in her room.' I took the tray upstairs myself.

Mrs. Hampton was bending over the canopied bed, sorting some stockings. She still wore the pink dress and, at the back, the skirt was raised and tucked in her waist elastic. In the fading light the large cutaway portion in her scandalous pantaloons exposed most indecently her backside.

'Yes, Benjamin?' she queried. She did not look up; bent even further over the bed. Silence. 'I'll be down very soon, Benjamin,' she said, persisting with the charade.

The woman was standing with her feet widely spaced, so that every tantalising curve of the lush ovals of her glamorous arse was plainly visible. She was blatantly offering her 'husband' a golden opportunity to penetrate her before dinner!

It was too much. Violently in rut, I fell onto my knees reaching, grasping each buttock separately, moulding the living flesh.

'Benjamin! What are you about? How dare you . . .'

A token protest, for the disdainful Justine made not the slightest effort to adjust her lascivious stance. Tenderly romantic, I kissed her dainty rear.

'Dawhling! Stop this . . .' she sounds breathless, '. . . that frightful man is . . . expecting us.'

My God! The snooty bitch. Salving her precious pride at my expense, even as I stand proudly to attention at her behind! Compelled to remain silent . . . a word would ruin everything. I fumble haplessly, praying for assistance.

Justine leans over the bed. A groping hand finds me.

'Dawhling! How . . . colossal . . . you are tonight!' Ecstatically she gasps. I feel it suctioned tightly between those devastating bumcheeks. I lean forward, cup swinging tits.

Soon she cries out. 'Ahaa!' and her rolling derriére goes mad as I ram happily away, spending a geyser of boiling bath water right up the plunge. The lady collapsing on the bed in an excess of gratification.

To the end of her stay pretence was the price demanded. A price I willingly paid. Justine knew full well that, every evening in her bedroom, it was her host covering her in reverse coitus.

Yet she deceived herself into believing that she was merely copulating with her husband. I think she would have died rather than acknowledge my presence.

At departure I shook hands with Benjamin; looked his wife straight in the eyes.

'I hope I have managed to make your stay . . . enjoyable . . . m'lady?'

She had the grace to blush. 'Thank you, yes. Goodbye.'

Women! Why must they live in a world of fantasy?

I guessed Peregrine was up to his tricks again when a messenger arrived with an urgent letter from his wife begging me to call. I found her distraught, so desperately relieved to see me, I felt it was my bounden duty as a gentleman to console her.

Florence Arbuthnott is a ravishing beauty in the foreign style. High Slavonic cheekbones, huge eyes rimmed with kohl looked soulfully out from beneath fringed brows; ripe lips full of promise; a rose contrasting black hair piled bouffant. She worships jewels, which accounted for the diamond necklace, the emerald drop-earrings and the single strand of pearls across her brow.

She is a noted horsewoman. I have coveted her for years. Peregrine was making an idiot of himself over some demi-rep. Florence had discovered the name. I knew the doxy as a high-class courtesan who sold her favours dearly.

On the chaise-longue I placed an arm protectively around the dear charmer, promising to restore Peregrine to her.

'If it's any comfort to you – fowlpest can't be transmitted to humans.'

Limpid eyes had my senses reeling; quavering lips offered in gratitude; a longing for sympathy, for affectionate reassurance. Our lips glued together in a kiss of such mounting intensity that, when we broke apart, I enjoyed the most startling erection.

She was wearing a décolleté green gown of shot silk, off the shoulders and straight across at the bosom. She was powerless to prevent her full breasts escaping the black jacket bodice beneath.

How could any red-blooded male resist those yearning lips, those expressive eyes, the bared, lovely tits? This time I kissed her with unrestrained passion. I felt her hand drop away to rest, accidentally, on the pyramid between my thighs. Involuntarily her fingers closed, her body trembled then Florence removed her hand.

She noticed my discomfiture. 'Pray, sire, are you in pain? I beg you . . . relieve yourself.'

Taking her at her word, I at once unbuttoned my fly and my prick popped out.

'Terence! You are undone! Oh . . . No!'

In some distress she fled from the room.

Discountenanced by this unexpected turn of events I did myself up again, went searching for Florence.

I knocked on her bedroom door; a subdued voice bade me enter. The wife was sitting on a cushioned stool, her green dress discarded. Her hands were behind her back undoing her hooks. Her comely breasts bulged over the top of her tight bodice with empurpled aurioles nude and nipples pointed. She wore long white pantaloons generously ruffed with lace at the calves. There was a delicious opening at her snatch through which black hair crisply curled.

I stammered: 'Florence, de . . dear heart. Forgive me. I would forego my life rather than humiliate you.'

Compassionately she replied: 'I understand, darling, how you respect me. Please . . . help me out of this garment.'

She rose and turned her back: with clumsy fingers I released hooks from eyes, holding free the corselet as Florence turned to face me. She blushed shyly to see my eyes avid on her bountiful breasts, gloating over her great hairy pussy.

'My beloved!' I cried wildly, broken on the wheel of lust. I tore off my clothes. Florence peeled off her saucy pantaloons and, bending gracefully, unlaced silk slippers, presenting me with an immodest close-up of her superb hindquarters as I laid myself down on the bed.

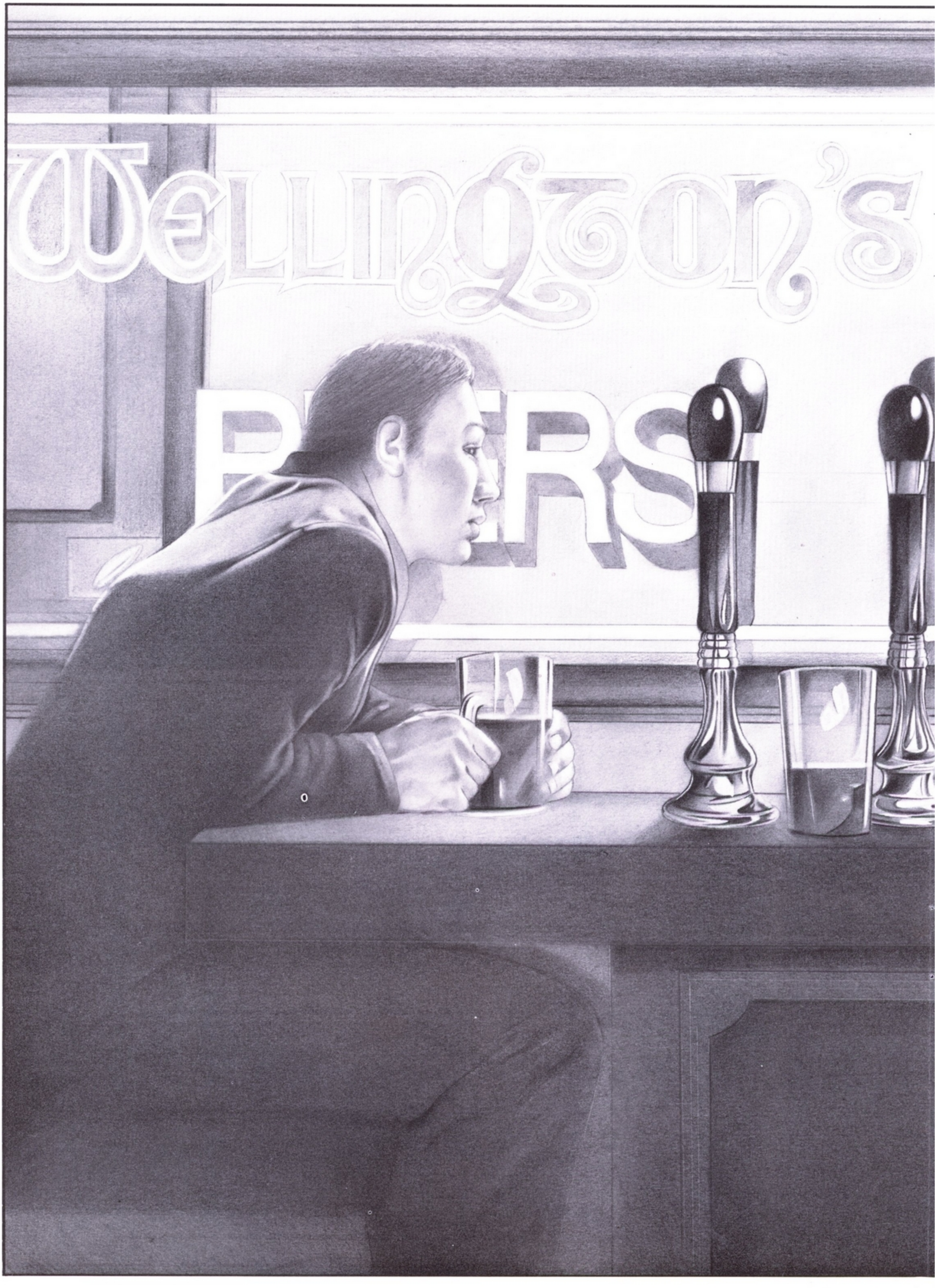
Wearing jewellery and a rose in her hair, Florence got astride me.

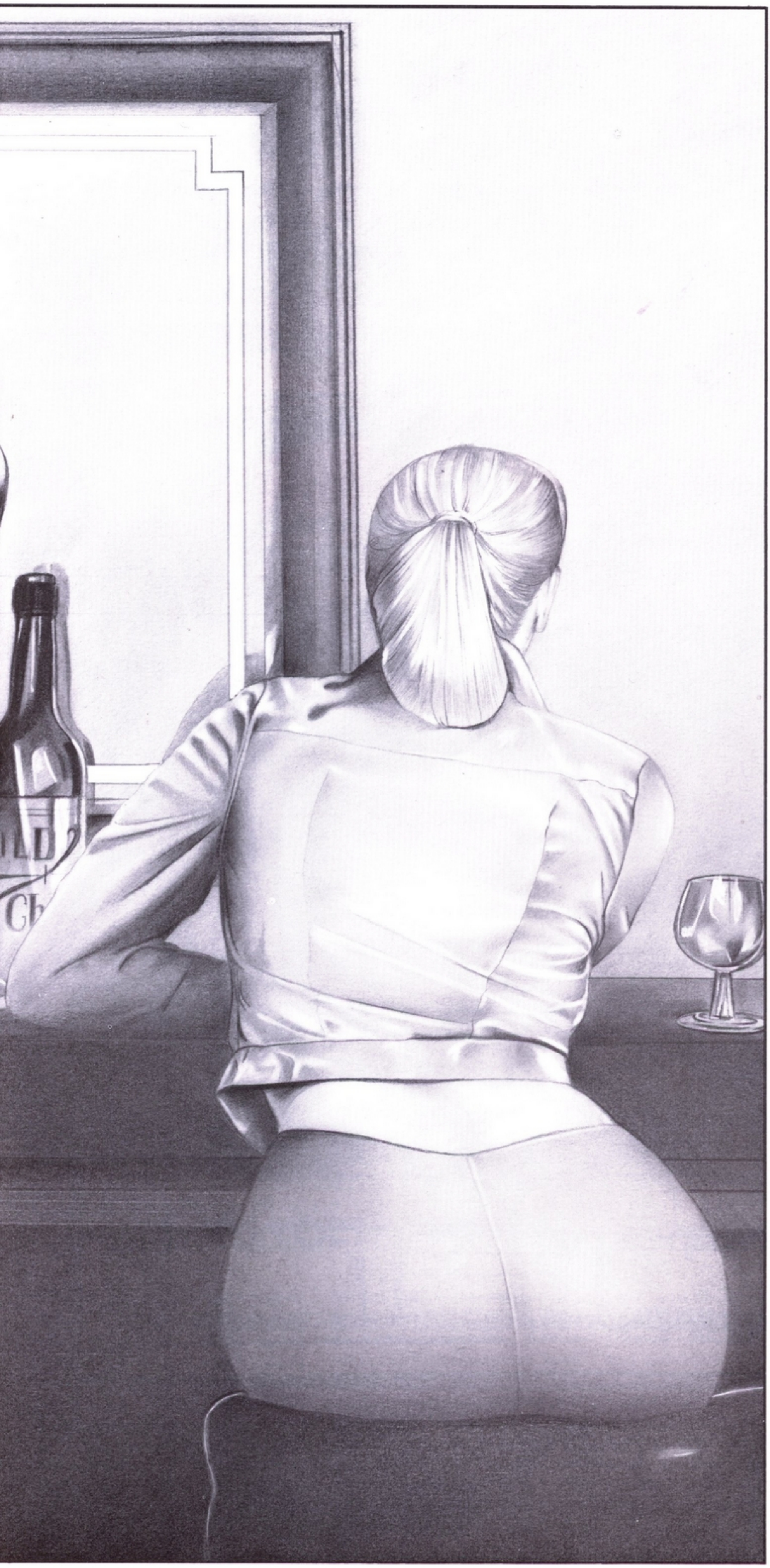
With an easy wriggle she manoeuvred the rampant horn into her orifice. Briskly she rode me to hounds. Her jewels swayed and jingled and her hair fell over her shoulders and her tits bounced merrily out of my cupping hands as Florence peeped unashamedly down her belly to the juncture where we wrestled in close combat.

'Darling!' she sighed. 'You provide such sweet solace.'

Ah, the Victorian gals! So retiring; so generous-hearted; so . . . expert.

ILLUSTRATION BY PETER INGLE WANE


WELLINGTON'S
BEERS



For every lonely male who's sitting on his own there's one willing bird just aching to be asked

Does she feel like me feeling her?

By Mike George

You are lonely. You are sitting in the corner of a bar thinking about it. Everyone in the world has a playmate but you. But, wait a moment. That girl sitting in the opposite corner. Alone? Apparently yes. No. Impossible. She is obviously waiting for someone. I mean she's just *got* to be. Hasn't she. Pity. Nice looking girl. Just your type, really. Then again – what is your type? Girls are girls and their working parts all tick along pretty much the same whether they've worked in a store since they were fourteen or went to finishing school in Switzerland after they left Roedean. Your chain store lassy more often than not possesses just as fabulous a chassis as the thoroughbreds curled up lasciviously upon the cushioned sofas of Mayfair. Which – reversing the role – probably explains why the occasional heiress rushes north to do her thing with surprised dustmen from time to time.

But that girl over there really does seem to be alone. If she is then she's a pretty predatory class one bird: they usually hunt in pairs at this level. Perhaps you should chat her up? No. She's probably got a headache. I mean, most birds sitting alone in bars in short skirts knocking back rum and cokes and smoking have either got a headache or their mother has just died or their best friend's pregnant and the last thing in the world they'd want would be someone trying to pick them up. Besides – you're white and seedy and need a hair wash and change of pants and wouldn't really know what to say and you know she would resent your intrusion and . . . hello . . . that greasy creep at the next table is giving her a line in chat. Bloody nerve. Can't he tell when he's not wanted. Oh? She's smiling at him . . . and stroking his cheek. He's fetching her coat. They're leaving together. Oh well, perhaps they're old friends and just hadn't seen each other sitting there at first.

Think about it. For every time you feel like a bird there is always a bird who feels like you feeling her. How many times have you been out with the boys and driving round in desperation pleading to whoever made you, 'somewhere in this town just at this

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Does she feel like me feeling her?

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moment there's a bird who wants it'. Of course there is. But the point is that she's not going to glide up to you on a silver platter offering you her knickers on a velvet cushion, is she? You will only locate each other by a process of elimination. If you chat up 100 birds you are going to get your eyes clawed 80 times – but you will still strike first base 20 times more often than the guy who just sits on his backside waiting for it to come to him.

Initially, of course – you are going to offend some sensibilities, appear gauche and thick-skinned and upset one or two folk before you hear that still small voice pleading from the midst of a crowd, '. . . it's me you're looking for; I'm the one who'll drop them for you. Over here by the window . . . please, sir'. But after a bit of practice you'll learn to track her down almost instantly.

You *must* try it on. No one gets to the top of the enemy's hill without ploughing upwards through the shit 'n shot first. When they've done that and come out alive – then they can stick their flag in. No guardian angel is going to whisper in your ear, 'It's all fixed. I've done a recce. She likes you and her steady's in hospital with strained ligaments. You've got it made'.

The keynote is, of course, perseverance. A little practice and one or two successes will soon enable you to differentiate between normal feminine ploys and wiles and a case of genuine rejection.

Inevitably you will have not infrequent occasion to see some piece soggily straddling a bar stool, rubbing her ankles together, flicking her ash into the peanuts and talking shrill inanities to her 'friend'. With this scene you simply sidle over, pick up her bag and indicate that it's time to get in the back seat. 'Oh, forceful' she'll croak as she crashes off her bar stool and tries vainly to pull her mini down half an inch. Walk over.

Then there's the other species Mother used to tell us about. Remember her? The *nice* girl: which in itself implied that there probably weren't too many of them around even in Mother's day. 'A *nice* girl wouldn't do that, dear'. 'No Mum – but everybody else does so it's her bad luck if she gets left out, isn't it'!

If you try chatting up a nice girl it will probably take a few minutes before she realises what you're on. Then with luck she'll switch off horses for a moment, flutter a hand daintily to her throat and let her eyes ask, 'Oh, who? Me?' Whatever line you produce she will then accept at face value so don't lead her on too unmercifully, will you. It might be my sister.

These are the girls we used to get engaged to and wind up marrying in the old days – who when they finally woke up between your sheets would giggle 'Who would have thought something like this would happen?' 'Who indeed', you'd grunt into her perfumed armpit as she affectionately ruffled your hair.

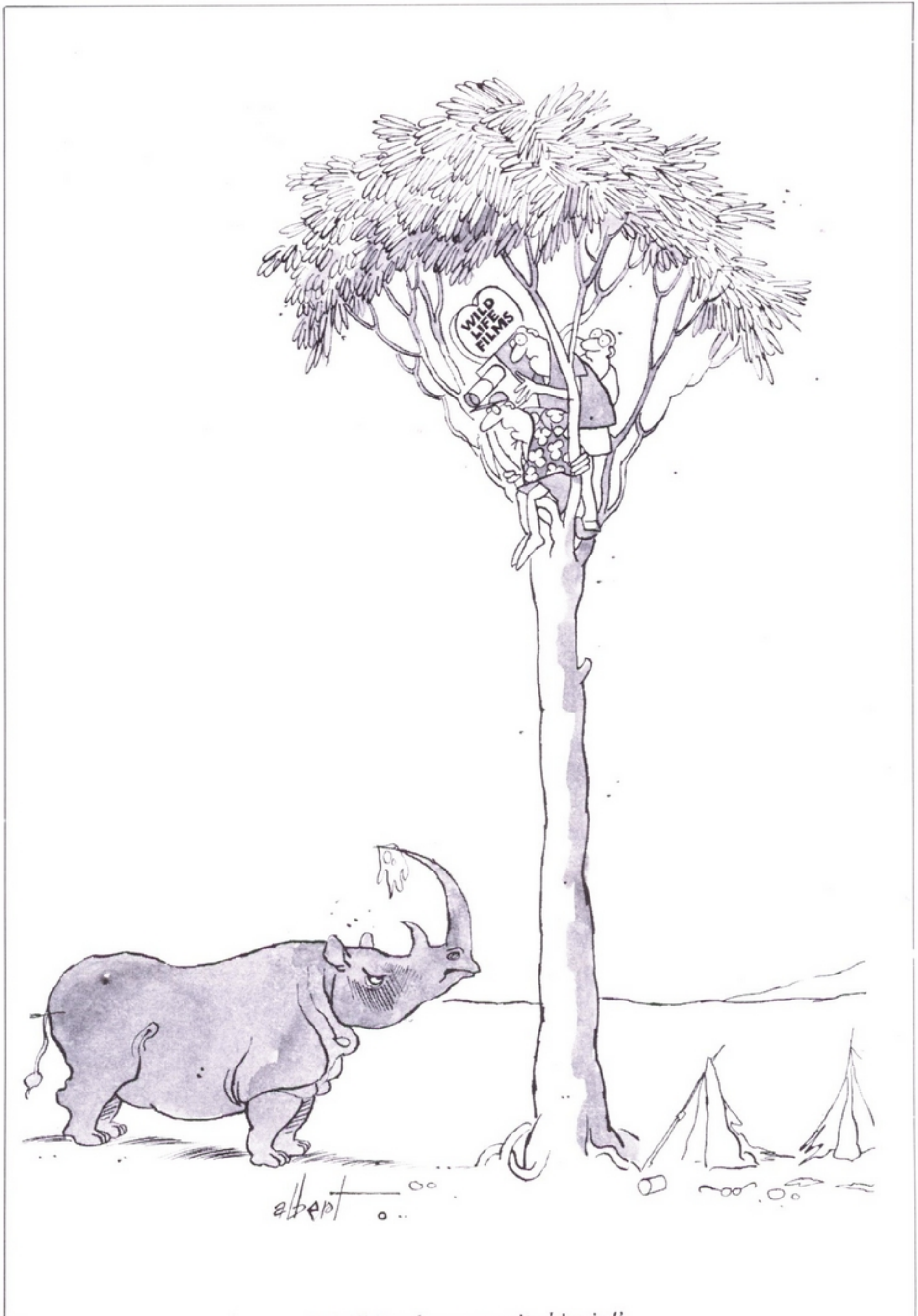
Then there are the Queen Bees of the species: the *real* women. Those who have been around and know what it's *all* about. By the merest flick of a hooded lash there is no approach they've not learned to rebuff. Even in slumber there's no innuendo they'd ever miss. They are educated, intelligent, aware, capable, well versed, well travelled major league pieces of kit. They are the young leopardesses of the circuit whose luscious, glistening, exorbitantly attired bodies have long ceased being experimental joy toys. They know just what they have, what it's for, how to use it, how to get it used and, abused even – depending on how the mood takes them. If you are ever fortunate enough to latch on to one of these by mistake (hers, of course) either on a genuine basis or just temporary loan then you are, to coin a phrase, laughing.

Never will you have occasion to rail at her for adamantly wearing the wrong stupid bloody hat to a wedding. Nor will you have to spill your drink in an effort to cover up some verbal gaff just sprung forth from her stupid little puckered mouth at cocktail hour. Such is her manner, deportment and demeanour that even if occasion arose you could never presume to censure her. She is an albatross gliding gracefully and knowingly above society's seagulls. And when you *do* get her on her back . . .

How do you get one? I have no doubt Harrods could provide but it would mean several man hours of chat and a race to land your quarry before the management twigged your game.

Everything is against you, remember. Only three factors for. You're a bloke; she's a bird and even the occasional heiress harbours a hang up for hunchbacks with squints.

So – if I don't see you on a neighbouring yacht in the Caribbean next month I'll meet you down the pub and we can make a bee line for Enid on the corner stool!



'We'll just have to write him in!'

EMPRESSES OF THE ESTUARY

Tall-masted and russet-sailed the old sailing barges of the Thames are making a welcome return to our tideways

By Bob Hallmann

One of my most delightful encounters with a sailing barge took place somewhere between the Hook of Holland and Harwich. The passenger ferry was churning her way home relentlessly on one of those rare yellow milky days where a low mist illuminated by sunlight seems to blot out every sound and sight but the very closest ones. We had passed various ships when a barge appeared on the starboard bow.

Silently, majestically, sails tall and full and stretching on their ropes like a country maiden's blouse against the buttons, her hull wide, deep and business-like, she represented a different age to ours, an age without problems of pollution, power shortages or even the pressure of time itself. She would deliver when the wind was right and the tide was in.

As we passed her and slowly left her behind, I wondered what Turner would have made of the scene. Her brown sails and dark bow perfectly matched the light

Top left: the view from astern of a moored array at Maldon. Left: the Pudge, *built 1922 and elegant as ever. Above: in the foreground* Marjorie, *a World War One veteran. Opposite: Tall barge* Remercie.

LORD ROBER
MALDON

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of that day as she vanished in the mist, silent and ghostlike as when we first saw her. And my camera was out of reach in the car bay. I learned later that two of the barges had visited the Olympic Games at Kiel in Germany.

These beautiful old trading craft with their towering masts and their russet sails billowing in the breeze are one of the most nostalgic sights in England's waterways. Nostalgic, because only about 30 are left of the thousands which once graced the Thames Estuary. And only about half of these are in a seagoing condition.

Yet it is perhaps surprising in view of today's search for the most efficient means of transport, that there are any left at all, kept afloat by a growing band of enthusiasts. Freight loading and unloading, is a manual business and as one old skipper told me, 'Dockers are realists. They can load a freighter in the time it takes to load a barge, and they just don't want to know.'

The average age of surviving craft is between 60 and 80 years, but the 'May', oldest auxiliary sailing barge still trading was built by J & H Cann at Harwich in 1891. Her rôle in 1973? Lightering sugar for the Isle of Man.

The craftsmanship employed in both the building and renovating of sailing barges is remarkable and, I suspect, stems as much from the owner's pride in his craft, as from a healthy regard for human life.

The 'Kitty' is a typical example of a working barge. Built in 1895 she hails from the same stable as the 'May'. In her time she traded in malt and cattle feed around the East Coast and in coal to the continent, ferried general cargo between London, Great Yarmouth and Dover, lost her stacks of timber at sea, had her sails blown away and was rescued by Southend lifeboat in the Thames Estuary when laden with potash. Since 1964 she has been

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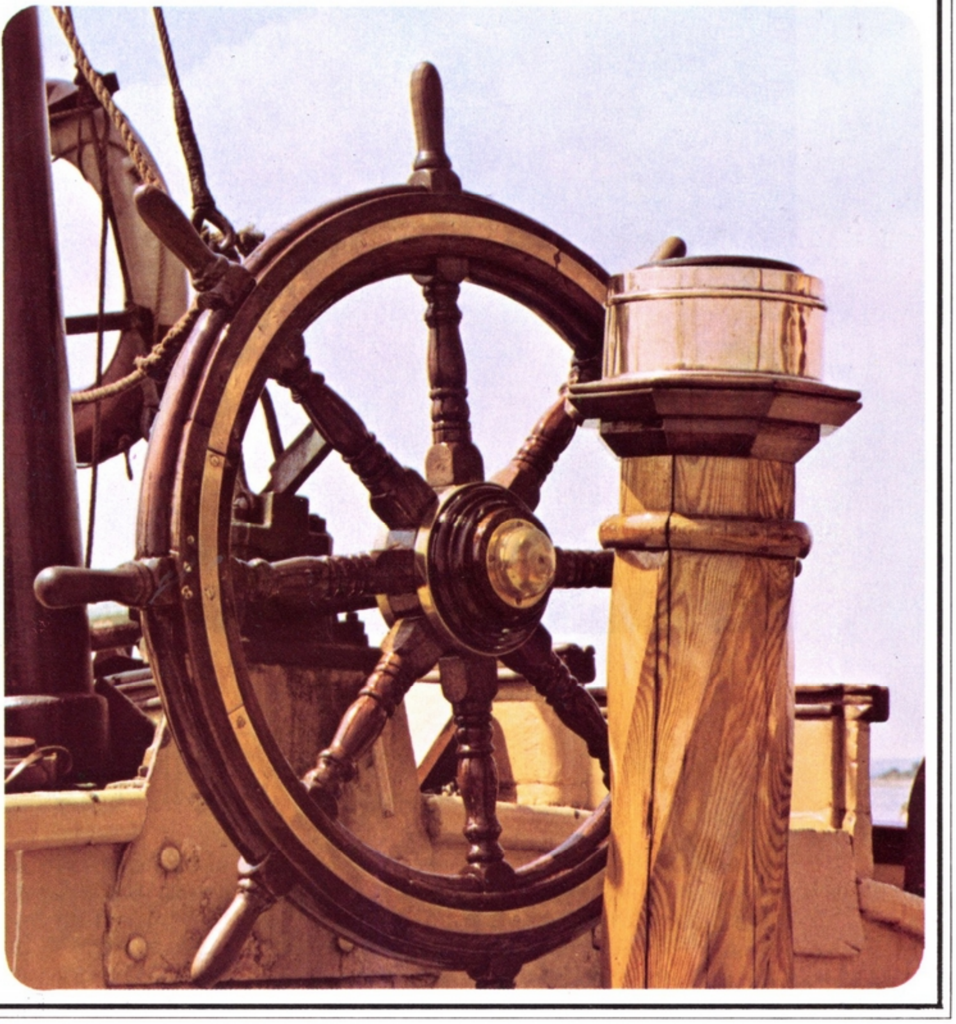

Opposite top: the Lord Roberts, *built 1900 by Walter Cook. Left (centre) is* Marjorie; *built in 1902 she worked mainly as a grain carrier before conversion. Above: impressive finish on the bows. Above right:* Mirosa, *built 1892, one of the oldest barges under sail. Right: the helm of* Kitty, *built 1895.*

EMPRESSES OF THE ESTUARY

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completely re-rigged for chartering under sail alone. She has never had an engine.

Skippered by the bearded and widely-known John Fairbrother, she now offers escapist holidays in an old-fashioned, leisurely style to today's motor-weary city-dweller.

Her compass base was made from the mast of a midshipman trawler and speaks for the resourcefulness of these sailormen.

The 'Dawn' was built at Maldon in Essex in 1897 to ferry hay. Later, and under different owners, the cargo became timber. She, too, has been completely re-rigged to provide charter holidays.

The 'Lord Roberts', built 1900 by Walter Cook, also in Maldon, traded between the Thames, Rochford and Battlesbridge. She was converted to a motor barge in 1956, but now completely re-rigged as a sailing barge, she too sails on charter.

Historically, these stately ladies of sail were the working horses of the waterways. Built for robustness and bulk lightering, they never attained the gracefulness or fashionability of a clipper, but their very qualities were among the most needed in 1940 when barges like the 'Tollerbury', the 'Pudge' and the 'Beatrice Maud' returned from Dunkirk with hundreds of survivors aboard.

One of the strangest tales I have heard is that of the 'Ena', which ran aground and was abandoned at Dunkirk, but on a later tide re-floated herself and found her own way back to Pegwell Bay on the East coast, a feat worthy of experienced sailormen, let alone an unmanned boat of her class.

Barge racing was started at Maldon probably in the late 1880's and is as much a tradition today as it ever was. Last June some 15 seaworthy vessels collected at Maldon quay for the annual Blackwater Sailing Barge Match, a sight to make any seadog's heart miss a beat.

Starting time was fixed by the rise and fall of the tide, which is a governing factor in those parts. I admit, though, the brilliance of the morning and the sight of all those towering sails, together with the camaraderie of the sailormen (and the enthusiasts following them in their little craft at a respectful distance), made the start at the unlikely hour of 4.30 a.m. a most rewarding experience, even to a non-swimmer and landlubber like me.

There was little wind at first and some of the more sluggish barges had to be helped to the starting line by Barry Pearce – himself a barge enthusiast extraordinary and ex-barge skipper and his 'Chrianie', one of a few surviving steamboats.

Once underway and surrounded, passed by, or navigating around the fleet of Tall Ships, one might well have been in a different age, but for the chugging of the tug's motor.

The race is organised by the Blackwater Sailing Barge Match and financed by member subscriptions from enthusiasts and preservationists alike.

Later in the summer – usually in August – Southend organises a race from Southend Pier to Shoebury buoy and back. This race, which dates back a hundred years, offers a grandstand view from the shores of the Thames.

The increasing popularity of holiday chartering is responsible in part for the new popularity of these stately old ladies with names like 'Ardwina', 'Dawn', 'Edith May', 'Kathleen', 'Kitty', 'Marjorie', 'May', 'Mirosel', 'Beatrice Maud', 'Lady Daphne' or 'Gladys'! I'm not quite sure how 'Lord Roberts', 'Centaur', 'Convoy', 'Jock', 'Cambria' ,'Vigilant', 'Redoubtable', 'Westmoreland' or 'Ironsides' got into this line-up. Obviously not every skipper valued his lady wife with the same name-dropping regard.

Although some barges are still owned by companies (such as Taylor Woodrow) it is perhaps surprising to find how many are privately owned, particularly as prices have risen considerably in the last few years.

Whereas it was possible to pick up a barge for about £1,000 only a few years ago, you can now expect to pay £4,000 to £6,000 for a retired veteran, but re-fitting her to a seaworthy condition would set you back at least another £6,000 to £7,000 and considerably more in some cases, depending on condition, and state of the hull. The best kept run to some £20,000 in value.

If you're man enough to back your sealegs with cash and determination your craft too, like John Fairbrother's 'Kitty', may be licensed to carry 12 persons and Henry – and Henry is a ginger tom.

Chasing the dawn. A full-rigged Thames sailing barge in the annual Blackwater Match.

Philip Castle

TVR – TRAVELLING VERY RAPIDLY

ILLUSTRATION BY PHILIP CASTLE

The British motor industry is no longer composed of a considerable number of competitive organisations. For some time it has been a case of British Leyland and a few very insignificant firms, although Rolls-Royce has a prestige factor that Jaguar cannot emulate. Otherwise, Lord Stokes' Empire dominates all. But don't dismiss the rest.

The insignificant little companies make some damned good cars. For this reason. They usually stem from an enthusiast who has built his own cars in his garden-shed, and probably driven them in competitions. This sort of man is likely to discover exactly how to get a given weight and potency of motor-car to glue itself to a twisting road before the boffins employed by the Big-Time have so much as found their slide-rules. He has used his own welding-torch, bashed his own bodywork metal, carried out track-side adjustments, and so knows far more about practical fast motoring than a team of technicians who have to reconcile the finished product with the stylist's ideals, the Production Manager's problems, and the price-target set by the Board. Thus the motor-cars made in the small factories are usually worth more than a passing glance from those who intend to enjoy their driving. Whether the glance will end in a sale depends on such factors as whether insurance can be found to cover a car unheard of outside the pages of the specialist motor magazines, whether the prospective customer is troubled about having to do the development himself,

TVR make a unique contribution to our rank among sports car makers. William Boddy finds out what gives them go

in lieu of a factory test-track or even a test-bench, or is concerned about getting spare parts for such a small-output make (but can the Big-Time offer any better service, in this respect?).

These aspects apart, most of the products of the small-time car makers deserve at least the chance to prove or disprove themselves on a trial run. To endorse this statement I would remind you of the competition achievements of chaps such as Colin Chapman, Arthur Mallock, Paul Emeryson, John Turner, John Tojeiro, and their kind. I am not suggesting that they could have made sports-cars Big Business. Chapman has, but he is of tycoon material anyway. But I do most seriously suggest that such engineer/designers of specialised sports-cars know more than most about what makes a motor-car tick fast, stick to a slippery road, and be amusing and satisfactory to drive. There is no greater feeling of safe road-clinging to be had than in a Lotus Elan, for example.

So I contend that the cars of our smaller manufacturers should be the subject of careful consideration by those who are shopping for a highly individualistic, practical package. Allow that I mean 'practical' in the sense of enjoyment for the little firms may not be any better than the Big-Time when it comes to in-building reliability and durability.

Yet, remembering that their output is so small that Monday-morning, lunch-break and Friday-evening problem cars can scarcely pass unnoticed, if indeed it does not take all the week to make but one car, and in view of the very heavy fire under which the Triumph TR6 from the mighty BLMC has come, recently, there should not be too many qualms on that score. Even if there are, it is a case of choosing between endless bickering with agents and warranty departments when something comes untied, or trotting back to have it fixed affably in some pocket-handkerchief factory where time and know-how is on the side of the customer. These garden-shed enthusiasts who have somehow graduated to real if small-output car factories, like Gilbern with the only one in the whole of Welsh Wales, know better than most about most of the things that matter – space frames, suspension, glass-fibre bodies, and engine tuning. What they cannot make are engines.

It is a curious fact of life that although the power unit is about the most insignificant part of the modern car, it is also the most difficult and expensive to produce. Not for nothing has it been called the heart of the car. The human heart, so often seemingly grossly overloaded by the exploits of youth, is much the same. It can be revived up to a point by drugs, even transplanted. It is making it that is impossible.

The lump of iron which is the heart of a car is just as impossible for small concerns to make. Which is why nearly all the Formula One racing cars (and all last year's successful ones) have Cosworth-Ford engines in their sterns, only Ferrari, BRM and Matra being able to afford their own – but watch Lord Hesketh this year! – and why the small car-makers have to shop around for power plants.

The late Derek Buckler made good space frame specials in moderate numbers, into which he inserted Ford Ten engines. But he had to convince the great Ford Motor Company that his chassis were suitable repositories for the Dagenham machinery. That is just one difficulty that the small-time car manufacturers have to face. Another is that if other components which they are unable to make, such as lamps, brakes, shock-absorbers, and so on, are in short supply, as they are only too likely to be in the prevailing industrial temperature, they may wait a long time for deliveries, because like God, the S.M.M. & T. is generally on the side of the Big Battalions.

Even the small-output concerns suffer when the parts they are obliged to buy from outside sources dry up and they have to suspend production. When you think how Peter Morgan and his late father had to shop for engines, changing from Coventry-Climax, to Ford, to Standard Ten and back to Ford, to power the Morgan 4/4, and how the bigger Morgan went from Vanguard to Triumph TR to Rover V8, losing the individuality of a separate gearbox along the line, and how a certain Rover-powered M.G. vanished sometime before British Leyland made much the same car themselves, it is a wonder the small makers have much heart left with which to withstand the Leyland octopus. Yet they continue to survive and *Mayfair* has recognised this, with articles about the Allard, which is no more, the Morgan, still going strong, the Lotus, which refuses to give way, and so on.

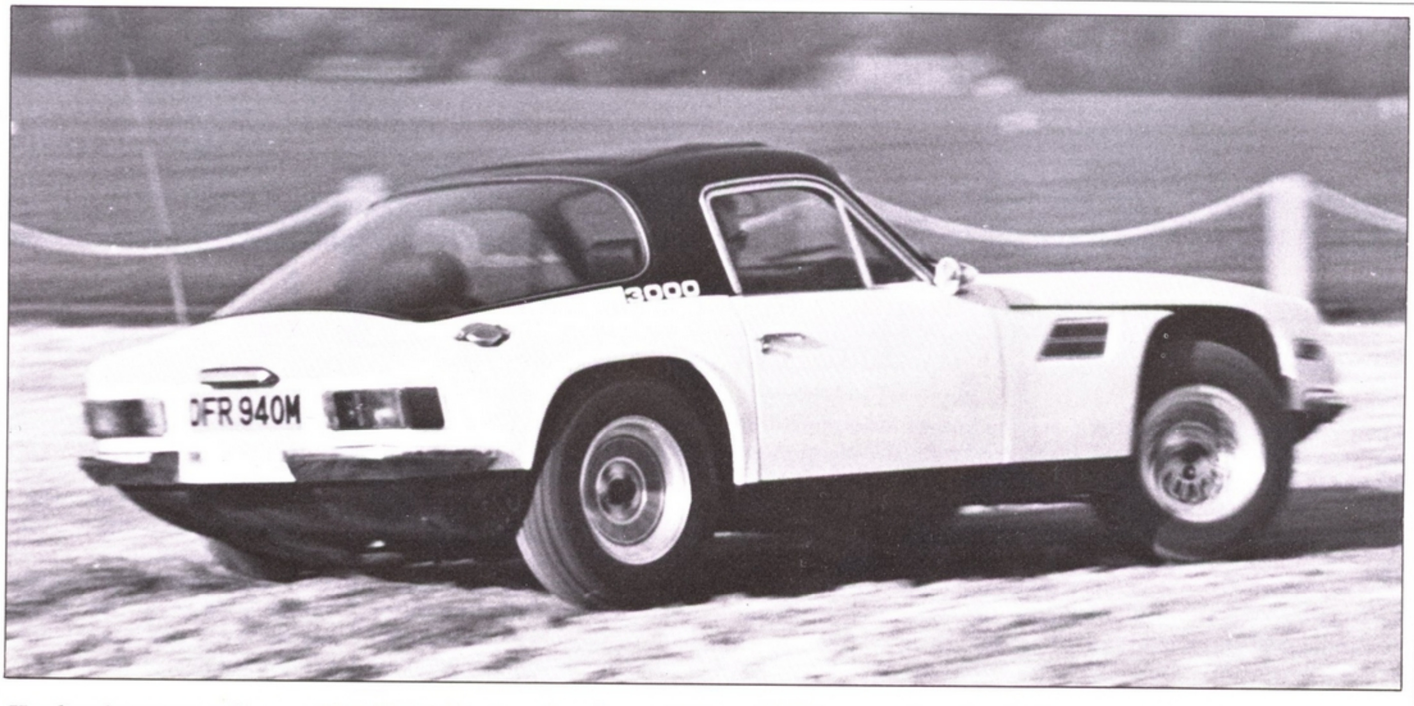
One of the finest examples of the small-time in terms of British car output is TVR, who make their contribution to British car manufacture in Blackpool, of lights and RAC Rally fame. That TVR motorcars have been produced by five different companies in the past twenty years is a measure of the difficulties confronting those who have the ambition to embark on the production of cars in tiny quantities. The first TVR products were just tubular frames on which to hang Ford engines and other Dagenham-built components. They were the idea of Trevor Wilkinson, hence the now well-known initials, and his venture blossomed out into the supply of kits to those who wished to construct a complete TVR automobile on the kitchen table or in the garden-shed. Always provided that Ford power was on tap. VAT has killed off the kit game but not the specialised motor-car.

Those first TVRs could be powered by Coventry-Climax as well as by Ford engines and the evergreen VW supplied their means of support. By 1962 John Turner, himself a specialist car constructor, had devised a double-wishbone suspension system for the TVR people, which probably helped to make their Mk III version good on the race tracks.

Indeed, a year later a trophy in memory of Freddie Dixon was won by Entwhistle's TVR. I think the great little man would have been quite envious of the lightweight construction of the TVR, which he had had to build into his racing Rileys by other means. I have sometimes wondered how the small manufacturers contrive to exist on such small sales and the answer given to me has been that they have a good outlet for their unusual cars in America and can thereby collect the almighty dollar. This has at times made me wonder about the gullibility of enthusiasts in the U.S.A. who are prepared to accept unseen new and untried makes and models from our minuscule factories. But TVR really did have their first cars selling there, as the Jomar. Later the Ford V8-engined Griffiths became a TVR model here, after Trans-Atlantic interest in it had waned.

On the home front there had been a mild flirtation with the Trident, before the Blackpool

turn to page 109



Heading for success: the racy TVR 3000 ML a lean, low-slung addition to TVR's range of garden-shed sprinters will sell for around £2700.

TVR–travelling very rapidly

continued from page 72

firm branched into the Mk IV, which had the benefit of the M.G.B. power unit. There was also a baby TVR, based on the light-alloy Hillman Imp engine and a Fiore body, which was aptly named the Tina. Then TVR made good use of the Ford Cortina GT power unit and like others who had this excellent motive power, they gained worthwhile successes in all manner of competitions, which must have helped to plant the initialsTVR in the minds of many enthusiasts and on some more cheque-books. This competition activity was continued with the memorable TVR Tuscan, a powerful and aggressive sports-car using Ford V6 and big Ford V8 engines. Although it is all too apparent that the small-time motor manufacturers are hampered by a limited choice of engines, reliance on outside suppliers for vital smaller components and the very acute problem of aligning their prices with their output figures, the former having to be low enough to enable them to sell against the BL models without the profits that follow a reasonably large production, they have one big advantage which is exclusively theirs. That is, they can afford to make frequent changes to their designs, which would be unthinkable in Cowley, Longbridge or Abingdon. This means that intelligent developments can be made available to the customer whenever this is thought to be desirable, and the fashion in motor matters can be closely followed.

So we find that three years ago the TVR grew somewhat bigger, acquired a new chassis and was powered with the Triumph six-cylinder engine. From this evolved the current M-type TVR. It was at first available with such a diversity of engines as the Triumph Spitfire, Ford Cortina 1600, 2½-litre Triumph, and that splendid work-horse and specialist car-builder's standby, the V6 Ford. Then the need to rationalise was seen and the current TVR is the 3000M, which has the Ford Capri 3-litre V6 power pack for this country and a twin-Stromberg Triumph engine to meet America's emission laws.

I am glad to find that the TVR is very much in production, having weathered all these chops and changes. I remember going up to Blackpool and looking over the old TVR factory. I was astonished that they had sufficient room in it to make a motor-car. Indeed, not long afterwards I was at another watering-place, Brighton, looking over a well-known motor book company's store-room or ware-house, and it seemed to be much more spacious than the Blackpool TVR works. Since then things have altered. The TVR is made today in what might be called a pocket-handkerchief works of gent's rather than ladies' size. This came about in 1965, when the concern was taken over by Arthur Lilley and his son Martin. They opened a factory which is in fact some 40,000 square feet in area and put the TVR history of money problems behind them.

The latest TVR is the work of Michael Bigland, who has used a backbone-type frame to support the glass-fibre superstructure. The 3000M is a low-hung, stylish coupé for two. It does not have much room for luggage and any passion the driver may feel for his girl is best kept for the end of the journey, because to accommodate the long transmission tunnel of the Ford V6 power unit the seats are isolated by a wide, carpeted division. There is the merit of a sun-roof, light-alloy road wheels, Sun-dym tinted glass, inertia-reel safety harness and the essential heated back window, as standard equipment. The lamps are Marchal and the products of Avon, Girling, Triumph and Alford-and-Alder figure in the TVR's make-up. Cosy, road-clinging, torquey, economical and good-looking, the present TVR is an excellent antidote to Japanese imports. It is also a refined successor to the apt-to-be lamented Tuscan with its 4.7-litres of Ford V8 engine. A top speed of 130 m.p.h. is claimed for the TVR 3000M, and the price of £2,464 is not excessive. If a lift-up tail-gate giving rather more room for the week-end cases is required, the 3000ML model is offered, for an additional £286.

There are various way of personalising a car, from 'dicer-tape' to exclusive Registration plates. But there is nothing quite so individual as a car from one of the smaller British car makers.

Dear, dear Jose Cuervo
THANK YOU FOR TURNING MY UGLY DUCKLING LIFE IN TO ONE LONG BEAUTIFUL SWAN SONG......
ONCE I WAS ALONE FRIENDLESS BEREFT...
EVERY BODY ELSE GAVE PARTIES BUT I JUST COULDN'T...
...I DIDN'T KNOW HOW!
THEN I DISCOVERED YOUR....
JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA
THE FANTASTIC NEW PARTY SPIRIT FROM MEXICO
IT REALLY MADE MY PARTIES A SENSATION
IT'S TERRIFIC WITH TONIC
WITH ORANGE
WITH BITTER LEMON
NOW EVERYBODY COMES TO MY PARTIES AND I HAVE ALMOST TOO MANY FRIENDS.
THEY MIXED IT WITH COKE...WITH LIME... WITH ANYTHING THEY COULD LAY THEIR HANDS ON
(THINKS) THANK YOU THANK YOU JOSE CUERVO
FOR DOING WHAT MUMMY NEVER DID-FOR INTRODUCING ME TO THE WRONG PEOPLE!
TEQUILA CUERVO
JOSE CUERVO TEQUILA
The Spirit of Mexico

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

An elegantly dressed gentleman took his seat next to a comely young lady on the Jumbo flight. As the massive engines were revved the man produced a pigskin attache case from under his seat. He extracted a rolled-up poster. He straightened it to reveal a full frontal nude of a huge-busted blonde. He pinned the poster to the seat in front of him. The young lady next to him could hardly conceal her shock as the man unbuttoned his trousers, took out a large erection and proceeded to masturbate vigorously. As the plane finished taxiing and started its takeoff run the man speeded up his action, eyes glued to the gaudy poster. Just as the plane took to the air he reached a climax and was soon dressing himself again and replacing the poster and case in a very orderly fashion. He leaned back in his seat, took out a gold cigarette case and matching lighter, and put a cigarette in his mouth. Just as he was about to light the cigarette he turned to the girl and said: 'Oh, I am sorry, how rude of me – do you mind if I smoke?'

During World War II an English spy is languishing in a Gestapo prison. The door of his cell is flung open and in struts a Gestapo officer.

'Ach so, du Englischer Schweinhund, was ist.'

The Englishman replies: 'Terribly sorry old chap, don't speak the lingo and all that, old bean.'

'Ach so,' says the officer, 'You Englischers are so sthupid mit der languages. I speak 17 languages, all of them fluently. I heff spent zwei yars in Cambridge learning Englisch und I heff amassed a focabulary of zwei thousant five hundert vords und all of them I keep up here,' pointing to his head – 'in mine arse.'

An Italian cab driver was telling a passenger that only real men like himself drive taxis in Rome.

'We use our left hand for signals and our right to wave at women,' he proclaimed.

His passenger finally asked, 'But how do you steer?'

'I told you,' the cabby shouted, 'Only real men drive taxis in Rome.'

Two men are discussing their dogs: The first man has a pedigree show dog, the second a rough, scraggy mongrel. Says the first man, 'I showed him today and he had two firsts and a second and was highly commended.' The second man replies, 'I showed mine today too, and he had two fights, a screw and was highly delighted.'

A man bought a pair of Wellington boots in a large shoe shop and although he had seemed quite happy with them he came back to the shop the next day. He was wearing the boots and walking in a most awkward-looking, knock-kneed fashion.

'Is there something wrong with the boots?' inquired the assistant.

'Oh no,' the man replied, 'they're fine, but I wonder if I could exchange them for a pair with a longer piece of string in between?'

An ironing board salesman travelling by train from London to Edinburgh was unable to get his samples into the guards van. So he put the ironing boards in his bunk as the train was the night sleeper. He forgot his discomfort when he saw a well endowed young lady get into the opposite top bunk, level with him.

'Fancy coming over?' he asked the girl.

'Ooh, yes please,' she said.

'Hold on,' he said, 'I've got something long and hard I can put between the bunks. You can come over on it.'

A voice was heard from the bunk below: 'How's she going to get back?'

A teacher decided that she needed to get more attention from her class. So she told her pupils that on one afternoon of each week she would put a surprise question to the class and the first pupil to answer it would be allowed to go home an hour before the other pupils.

This ruse worked but the teacher soon gave the impression that she did not expect her questions to be answered correctly. In the first two weeks the questions were: 'How long is a piece of string?' and 'Is there life on other planets?'

There had been no reply at all to these questions.

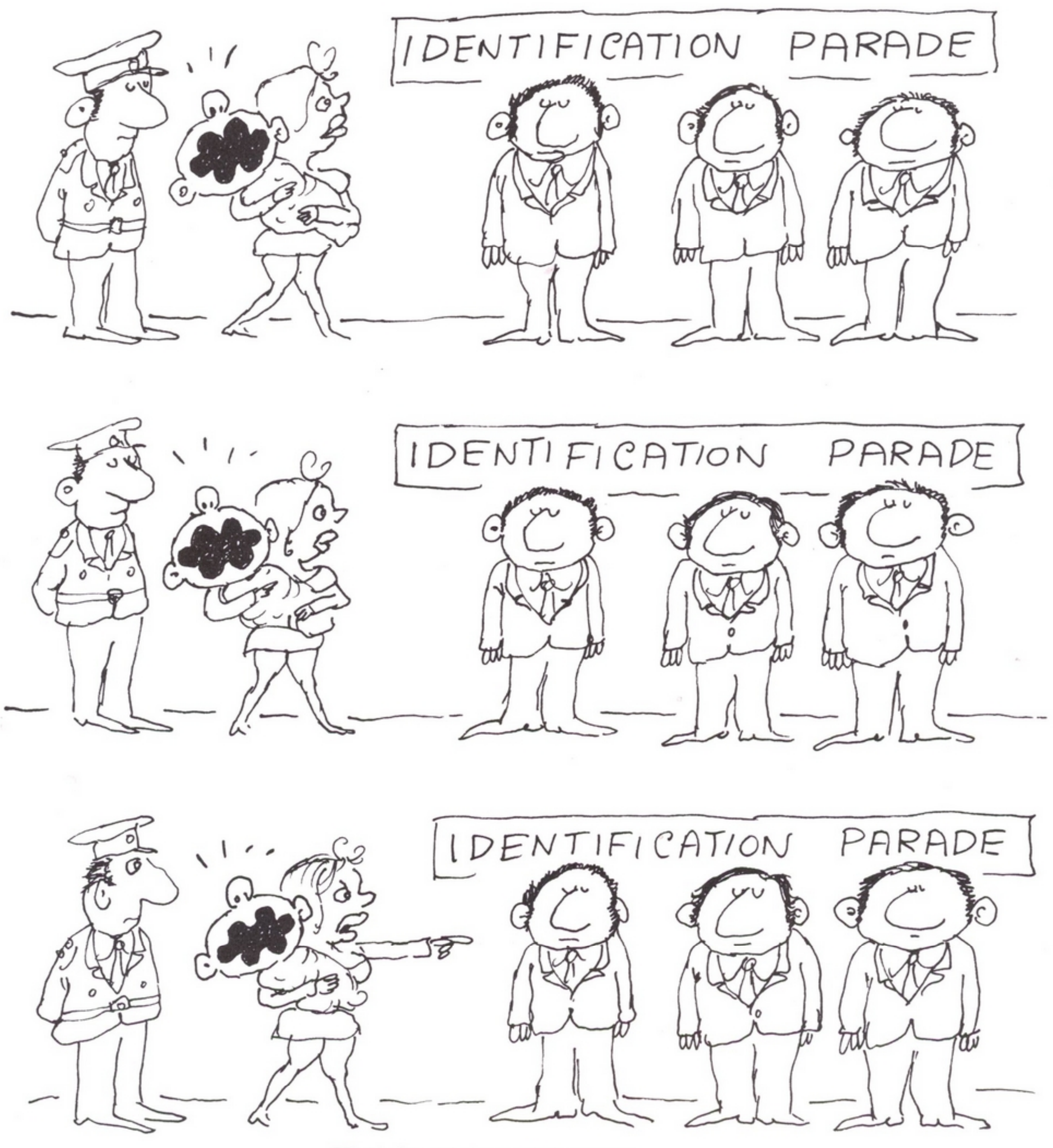
One enterprising young lad, however, was determined not to be duped in this way. He bought two ping pong balls, painted them black and awaited his chance. The day came and just as the teacher said 'Right, here's your surprise question . . .' the lad rolled the balls down the aisle of the classroom. The teacher looked at them: 'OK, who's the comedian with the black balls?' she asked.

'Sammy Davis Junior,' chirped the lad. 'Can I go home?'

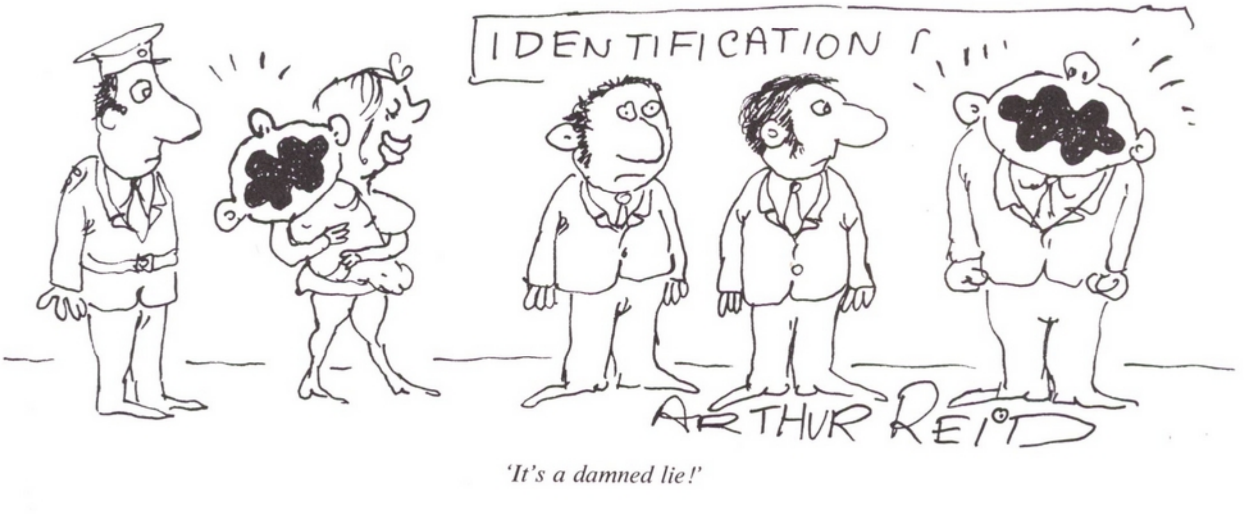
An inter-galactic traveller visited Earth one day and the first object of interest he discovered was a petrol station. After trying to strike up a conversation with the petrol pumps for an hour or so he gave up in disgust and returned to his far off planet. Describing his experiences to his superiors he explained that 'the people of Earth are a very strange shape and are not all communicative – but you will never believe what they put in their ears.'

A haughty young chap from Gomorrah
Told a lady he had something for 'er:
'Here's a gift for you, modom,
It's a camel from Sodom –
He humps like there ain't no tomorrah.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2. There is a free subscription for the reader whose letter is selected. In case of duplication of jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on awarding a subscription is final.


IDENTIFICATION PARADE
IDENTIFICATION PARADE
IDENTIFICATION PARADE

'That's him at the end, Inspector!'


IDENTIFICATION
ARTHUR REID

'It's a damned lie!'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Six

The phenomenon of wife-swapping, where couples will exchange partners on a regular and pre-meditated basis, has been thoroughly investigated. Not so well detailed is the situation in which a woman finds herself sexually attracted to a close friend of her husband or boy-friend. This situation differs from wife-swapping in that intercourse is rarely planned in advance and usually occurs on a single occasion as the result of a sudden impulse. This month, Quest talks to three married women who have had sex with friends of their husbands. The interviewees describe the differing circumstances in which a previously platonic relationship may suddenly develop sexual undercurrents and their reactions to such extra-marital affairs.

INTRODUCTION

This Quest deals with sexual opportunities between the best of friends. How usual, outside the confines of wife swapping, is sex between women and the husbands or boyfriends of their best friends? Obviously, the opportunities, among people thrown together by friendship, are limitless. The scope for small physical intimacies which can be dismissed as 'friendliness' or high spirits, at social gatherings and parties alone, is very wide. A great deal of physical contact certainly occurs between men and women in these circumstances.

But what this Quest tried to discover was: how usual is actual sex and what sort of effect does it have on the close relationships between a woman and her best friend?

The opinion of the second interviewee, that it was more difficult to have a casual sexual experience with someone you know very well, than with a comparative stranger, holds a lot of truth.

In all three interviews, sex occurred because of a basic attraction between the partners. Accepting this, nevertheless many women would never allow such an intimacy, because of its potentially dangerous effect on their relationships with their friends.

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

One **Housewife, 31 years old, blonde, town of origin Peterborough**

This interviewee left school at sixteen and worked as a shop assistant. She had been married eleven years and she and her husband now owned a small grocery business, running two shops between them. They lived above the larger of the two shops. There were two children, both girls.

Quest: This was the husband of your best friend?

Housewife: Well don't sound so surprised. Did you expect me to open my legs for just anyone?

Quest: Is that what you did – open your legs?

Housewife: Don't be silly. You know what I mean. I could have said I'd lifted my skirt or something. I meant it *that* way. I mean doing it. You know what I mean.

Quest: This happened while he was driving you home?

Housewife: Well it was only the once. It wasn't anything to make a fuss about. You know, it just happened. That was all.

Quest: It has happened at other times?

Housewife: No, only the once.

Quest: Perhaps with other men at other times in your marriage?

Housewife: What a question. Of course it hasn't. Not really. Well, you know what I mean.

Quest: Not really?

Housewife: I mean nowhere near as far as it went that night in the car with Mary's husband. With Brian, I mean.

Quest: How far was that?

Housewife: I mean I'm sure I've showed my knickers a few times. You know what I mean. I did get caressed once by another man – at a party it was, but it wasn't anything harmful – he had a quick go at my breasts and that, but I was so drunk. I really was – so drunk.

Quest: How did that happen?

Housewife: I'm a bit of a flirt.

Quest: You flirted with this man at the party?

Housewife: Not really. Well, I mean I did a bit, but not all that much. I mean I was wearing a rude dress and that's what did it. I mean that's what started him off caressing my breasts and that.

Quest: How rude was the dress?

Housewife: Well lots of men have an eye for my breasts. I've got very rude breasts.

Quest: You mean very sexy breasts?

Housewife: Well it's the same thing – that's what gives men an eye for them.

Quest: And this man had an eye for your breasts at the party?

Housewife: Well this dress was very rude. It had a very low top and my breasts were nearly coming over the top because my bra was pushing them up because they droop down a bit if I don't wear one and so they were poking right out.

Quest: Tell me what happened?

Housewife: Well I was very drunk as I said and I flirted a bit I suppose and he grabbed me in the kitchen and started caressing my breasts and putting his hand up my dress.

Quest: And you enjoyed this?

Housewife: I never thought about it really. I suppose I did. I mean it was nice at the time. I mean I didn't really try very hard to stop him. I suppose I thought he was a bit tasty and it might have been because I was very drunk.

Quest: Exactly what did he do?

Housewife: Well I went into the kitchen to have a sandwich because I thought I ought to eat something and my husband was talking to some friends and this man came in I'd been dancing a bit with and I might have pushed my bresats at him a bit. I mean I knew him and his wife quite well and when he came in I leant on his shoulder and giggled and said I was very drunk and he put his arm round my waist and said something very rude – like: 'So this is my chance to get inside your knickers at last.' And I was so drunk I just giggled and said he was rude. He was much bigger than me and he put his hand up my dress before I knew he was doing it.

Quest: He just pushed his hand straight up your dress?

Housewife: Well I was very drunk. There wasn't much opposition. I only had little frilly knickers and stockings and he grabbed his hand right round me and pushed me against the cooker and put his other hand right down the front of my dress and got right to my nipple. He didn't kiss me or anything, he just grabbed my breast right from my dress and made my nipple go as hard as nails just by kissing it. I mean he didn't kiss my face. He kissed my breast and went all panting and breathy and he put his hand up my skirt and pushed it between my thighs and tried to wriggle his finger under my knickers and I held my legs together like anything to stop him because I came round like in a dream and saw what was going on. But I felt quite breathy myself. I mean I nearly gave way. You know what I mean. I nearly did open my legs. It's a bit of a nightmare to think who might have come in at any second and seen me bent back over the cooker with my legs all over the place and my breast hanging out and his hand right up my skirt.

Quest: But this was an isolated incident before you met Brian?

Housewife: Well I never did anything worse than that. You know what I mean. All sorts of little things happen at parties and things. I mean they happen to everybody don't they? That sort of thing.

Quest: You had known Brian and Mary for some time?

Housewife: Close on two years I suppose. I mean I knew Mary that long. I met her when she was working as a barmaid in this pub. We know the landlord and his wife very well. I mean we've known them for years and Mary had just started working there and she couldn't get a babysitter for their little girl. Of course Alec and me – we have the same trouble, finding someone reliable. It's very difficult when you want to go out together and you can't. We have to go out separately a lot of the time. I didn't think to suggest at the time, we could both do it for each other and I didn't meet Brian at all for ages until one night we were drinking late in the pub with the landlord and his wife and Mary was there and Brian came down to pick her up. It was the one time he'd been able to find a babysitter and they were going on to some club. Alec's mother was staying with us – that's how we were out drinking that night. So we thought it would be a good idea to go on to the club with Mary and Brian. I couldn't take my eyes off him. I mean he was very very tasty. I felt quite rude.

Quest: Rude?

Housewife: Sexy, but I wasn't really wearing any sexy clothes. I just thought he was tasty and we'd had a few drinks and I flirted a bit.

Quest: How did you flirt with him?

Housewife: Well I didn't really flirt with him. I just smiled at him a bit and I brushed against him a bit when we were dancing. You know what I mean. I mean I brushed my leg against him when we were standing at the bar and a bit when we were sitting at our table and when he looked at me I just smiled and moved my leg away and that sort of thing.

Quest: You were attracted to him?

Housewife: I suppose I was, but not madly, just in a flirty way, you know what I mean, how you can be, just on the spur of the moment. I didn't really think much more about it.

Quest: You liked to watch his reaction to you perhaps?

Housewife: Yes, I suppose so. You like to make men react, don't you. I mean it shows they're interested.

Quest: And Brian was interested?

Housewife: Well I didn't mean it to go any further. I mean I wasn't to know how it was all going to end up was I? Well, you know, in his car and all that. Mary just suggested about the babysitting and I thought it was a very good idea. I mean it was perfect wasn't it. We could babysit for them once a week and them for us.

Quest: And this is what happened?

Housewife: Well, yes. I used to go over and Alec would come and pick me up and Mary would come over here and Brian would come and pick her up.

Quest: And this went on very successfully for some time.

Housewife: Until the night our car went wrong. That was the night. When Brian had to come and collect me and then bring me back home and I kept thinking of him taking me home while I was round there watching the television and I kept feeling very rude about it.

Quest: When he came to collect you, you didn't feel sexy then?

Housewife: Well, Mary was with him. I didn't know that Brian would be collecting me and bringing me back until the last minute so I wasn't wearing anything rude either.

Quest: But you kept thinking of the moment when he would take you back home?

Housewife: Well, as I told you, I thought he was very tasty.

Quest: But you hadn't thought about him this way, before?

Housewife: I suppose not. Well, not really.

Quest: Tell me what happened?

Housewife: It was about half past one in the morning and he stopped the car down a side road and started caressing me.

Quest: Just like that?

Housewife: Well, no, there was more to it than that.

Quest: How much more?

Housewife: Well I was quite ready for him to do it.

Quest: In what way were you ready?

Housewife: I was half expecting it.

Quest: Perhaps half hoping?

Housewife: How do you mean?

Quest: Perhaps you might have been disappointed if he hadn't stopped?

Housewife: I might have been I suppose. I've not really thought about it. I mean he did stop, didn't he.

Quest: You gave him some encouragement to stop.

Housewife: I suppose I did.

Quest: Can you tell me about it?

Housewife: Well I was sitting at Mary and Brian's watching the television and I don't know why but I kept thinking of him taking me back all that way, just the two of us, in the middle of the night. We have to go quite a way, about four or five miles, and a lot of it through empty roads and countryside, you know. And I felt very rude about it all, about thinking about it.

Quest: You felt sexy, thinking about Brian?

Housewife: Yes, but I didn't have anything sexy to wear. I had a sort of pale blue wool suit with a blouse and the only sexy thing I had was my stockings. There was a play on the television about two lesbians, a young girl and an older woman. I don't think I'd fancy that very much but it made me feel very sexy for some reason. I don't know why. It just made me feel very sexy.

Quest: And this made you want to react to Brian?

Housewife: It made me flirt a bit.

Quest: How did you flirt?

Housewife: When we were in the car, a bit. My skirt sort of rode up to the tops of my stockings. It usually does when I'm sitting in a car. It's very awkward keeping your skirt down.

Quest: And Brian reacted to this?

Housewife: He kept looking at my legs. They looked a bit plump to me, squashed against the seat. I kept trying to pull my skirt down but it kept coming up. We stopped at some traffic lights and he said he kept having these painful dreams. I asked him what he meant by that and he said he kept having these dreams about me looking just like I was then with my skirt up over my legs and my breasts pushing straight out of my blouse. I think I touched my breasts for some reason. I just put my hand to them. Then the lights changed and he started driving on and he was going on talking about his dreams and saying they were painful because they were so sexy and very sexy things happened and he wouldn't say what. I was quite interested in that really, if it was true, and I felt a bit unsafe and shaky at the same time and it was very nice in a way to feel unsafe because it was sexy because I was at his mercy in a way and I felt all shaky in a rude way. In a sexy way. I thought he was tastier than ever. I think the same thing was going through his mind as mine. You know what I mean. I think we were both thinking the same thing. I think we both felt a bit sexy at the same time.

Quest: And Brian stopped the car?

Housewife: Well, yes. It all happened so fast. I should be ashamed of myself I suppose. I mean I didn't do much to stop him did I? I didn't tell him not to or anything. I just sort of let him. I encouraged him a bit I suppose.

Quest: How did you encourage him?

Housewife: Well, I didn't try and make him stop. I just let him do it.

Quest: Let him do what?

Housewife: Well, caress me.

Quest: Tell me what he did?

Housewife: I don't know, perhaps I'm a bit dim but he stopped the car. Well, he drove it down this dark side road that didn't have any lights at all, just trees and hedges and he stopped the car and I knew what he was going to do, but I didn't say anything or stop him. I mean I've never done anything like that before, that was unfaithful. It sounds as though I do it all the time doesn't it? I mean I don't. And then he just turned towards me on the seat and I just realised my skirt was up to my thighs and my coat was undone and my breasts were poking through the material of my blouse and he leaned over and put his hand on my breast and I quite wanted him to caress my breasts and I didn't stop him. His hand was quite warm. In fact I pulled my blouse open to show him my breasts and he pushed his fingers down the top of my bra and I could feel him on my nipple. He was good at caressing me. He kissed my neck first and he didn't really kiss my mouth. I don't like being kissed very hard on the mouth much because when they put their tongue in you it's like being in the dentist's and being pushed down against the chair and it makes you panic. I don't like my face being covered. I like to keep it up in the air. So when Brian kissed me on the neck, on the side at first and then my throat I just wanted to lay my head back on the back of the seat. Brian went on kissing my neck and it had quite a strong effect on me and his hand was caressing my breast in circles and I undid some of the buttons on my blouse without looking and pulled my blouse apart. Then he put his fingers in the top of my bra for a bit and then he moved the straps down under my blouse and pulled both my breasts out over the top and started kissing them and making them all wet. I felt very wet all over really, especially round my bottom. Then he put one hand up between my legs and they were quite open and his hand was caressing very gentle on my thigh above my stockings and I just wanted to lay back like I was and push my breasts right out and open my legs and sort of push my body all over him. Well really, I just wanted to lay back very rudely, very sexily and make him go mad wanting me and that's what I did really. I did rest my hand on his leg a bit and squeeze him and he sort of swelled up into my hand and then he pulled away and did something to his trousers and I wanted to say something like: 'Come on, come on and do me, do me something awful.' You know what I mean. But somehow I couldn't say things like that even though I was breathing like mad, you know, my breasts were going up and down. I'm not really very wanton like that. I can't say rude things like some people can. Well, then he leaned across me again and I put my hand back on his leg. I couldn't see what I was doing really. My head was laying back on the seat. When I did have a look all I could see in the dark were my breasts all pale white except for my nipples. They were sticking out very hard and my breasts were all shiny where he'd made them wet with his kissing. They looked very rude like that, all bulging over the top of my bra like when you squeeze a balloon that's only half full of air and it bulges out like mad at one end. You know

what I mean.

Quest: What happened then?

Housewife: Well when I put my hand back on his leg I felt something warm touching it and I moved my hand and it was his thing, his penis, you know, and it was very fat and very big and all throbbing and I quite forgot myself and he was kissing my tummy and his hand was right up my skirt going under my suspenders' straps and his fingers were going under my knickers and rubbing against my hair down there and I couldn't see his penis because his body was hiding it but what I did was I pushed him away a bit and I think he liked that because he sat back a bit and I could see his penis all pale and I did what my husband likes sometimes. I licked my hand and put some spittle on it and then I put my hand back on him and it made him moan all right because my hand was all slippy and wet and his penis sort of glistened a bit then and I could see it glistening when I took my hand away. Then what we did was, we got Brian sitting on my seat and I sat on Brian's lap facing him and he got my knickers right to one side and he got his penis right in me and he sort of slid back and forward on the seat and kissed my breasts and he wriggled about inside me and I didn't actually have an orgasm because Brian came before I did and it went over my legs but it was nice all the same.

Quest: And since then you haven't done this with Brian?

Housewife: No. Actually, it only seemed right that once. And we haven't really been alone since then to do it. I don't know if we would anyway.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Secretary, 24 years old, brunette, town of origin Hull**

This interviewee had one sister and one brother. She had been married two years. Her husband was a representative for an insurance company. There were no children and they lived on a large modern housing estate.

Quest: You've been friendly with Alan for a considerable time?

Secretary: I thought he was super. I was always very taken with him. When Sarah first introduced him I remember thinking how attractive he was, I'm making no bones about it.

Quest: You found him attractive sexually?

Secretary: Is there any other kind? How else am I expected to find a man attractive? I think that's a silly question. When women make eyes at men, especially married women, you bet you know what's on their minds.

Quest: But it doesn't always go very much further.

Secretary: I think that may be because there aren't the opportunities and there are a good deal more considerations to be taken into account, aren't there? Sometimes, the better you know someone, the more difficult it is to have it away with them. I think its easier to have a quick screw with someone you know very little about. It makes it less complicated.

Quest: But this wasn't the case with Alan?

Secretary: Actually Sarah really is my best friend. We've been good friends ever since our schooldays and we both had a crush on Roger and I more or less won. Then Sarah nips off for six months and comes back with Alan. Fortunate bitch. He really is super. This was ages before I married Roger and obviously I was in love with Roger otherwise I wouldn't have married him, but I always had a little thing going for Alan too, in the back of my mind.

Quest: And you intended to turn this into a sexual experience?

Secretary: Did I thump. I was quite happy with Roger thank you.

Quest: But something changed this?

Secretary: To be perfectly frank it was his testicles which did it.

Quest: Alan's testicles?

Secretary: Yes. He had tremendous balls.

Quest: How did you discover this?

Secretary: He and Sarah bought one of the houses on the estate. Obviously, we all became terribly chummy then and we saw a lot of each other. If I remember it was one Saturday morning I nipped over there because we were all going to a party that night and I wanted to find out what Sarah was wearing to it. Alan was in the front drive mending his car. I don't think he heard me at all. If he did, he gave no indication of it. Actually he was lying under the front of the car in the driveway, lying on his back, the way men do with their pet cars. Anyway, he was wearing some terribly old and tatty clothes and right in the seam of his jeans was a hole – or a tear or a split in the fabric – and half his balls were showing. It wasn't a vast hole but you could see it was his testicles and they appeared to be terribly big and terribly hairy – there was a fair old lump down there in his pants. He wasn't wearing knickers either – obviously.

Quest: And this turned you on?

Secretary: It sent me quite weak actually – it was quite a sight to see. I could just imagine him without his pants on – it made me quite light headed. That sort of thing turns me on no end, believe it or not. And really, while I was talking to Sarah, I couldn't get my mind off his balls showing through his trousers like that. Whatever Sarah was saying went right over my head. I just had to have an excuse to leave again and see if Alan was still showing what he'd got. In the end I told Sarah I'd left something in the oven and as I was walking down the drive past the car I was racking my brains for something witty to say to Alan. He was still there and the hole, if anything, was bigger than ever. His head was still under the car and his hands were coming out for spanners and things and I stopped and said, I think I said: 'Alan, do you know you're showing nearly everything you've got?' The cheeky horror. He said, without even showing his face from under the car, he said: 'Am I? Well, I hope you're enjoying it.' I kicked his foot and he laughed and had a mock yell and I stomped off on my dainty little feet thinking how awful men are. That's why I seduced him at the party, that's really why I did it. To get my own back – in a way.

Quest: You actually seduced him at the party.

Secretary: Actually we're all terrifically close, Sarah, Alan, Roger and I and we flirt and joke a lot between ourselves. How should I explain it? Put it like this. Roger can pat Sarah's bottom or Alan can make a mock grab at my legs and we can all laugh about it. It doesn't mean anything. Obviously it might get a little out of hand when we're on the boozy side. I've seen Roger nudging Sarah's breasts once or twice – Sarah has very overdeveloped breasts actually and she doesn't try to hide them so I can hardly blame Roger for staring down her cleavage and brushing his hand against them whenever he can. Obviously if Alan chooses to put his hand on my bum when we're all having a drink and a laugh I don't necessarily move it away – in fact I might even wriggle it a little just to let him know the gesture's appreciated. Please don't get any impression we're sex mad wife swappers – we're not, just good friends – and that sounds corny if anything does.

Quest: So this was a new thing – to actually plan Alan's seduction at the party?

Secretary: It was awfully easy to start thinking that way about such a knee-trembly man. I didn't need an awful lot of encouragement actually.

Quest: Can you tell me exactly how you planned it?

Secretary: Not terribly carefully.

Quest: Then how?

Secretary: Terribly vaguely. All that happened was I went to the party with the general idea of enticing him into a corner and having a closer look at his balls. I wasn't going to be laid out on my back and be hastily fucked in a dark corner with my dress up round my neck and my knickers twisted round my fanny.

Quest: You wanted to be properly fucked if you were going to be fucked at all.

Secretary: Exactly. And I wasn't going to be. I was just going to embarrass Alan by making a bit of a production about feeling his balls – in public if I could – perhaps while we were dancing – I wasn't sure. I had half a mind to snare him off and then make fun of them after he'd taken his trousers down – if I could make him. That was all terrifically bitchy of me wasn't it? It was, it was shockingly bitchy. I hate

to think I could ever really be like that.
Quest: And what actually happened?
Secretary: Actually he fucked me. Oh, how he fucked me. He fucked me until I didn't know whether I was coming or going with his balls banging away at my bottom in the grass. And it never happened again and I never told Roger. I know it was wrong but I never said a word because it was all my silly stupid fault and I loved every minute of it.
Quest: This happened at the party?
Secretary: In the garden behind the house. That was where it all happened. And all because I tried to make fun of his testicles
Quest: And how did you do that?
Secretary: It was all because we started horsing around as usual. And Roger was even more interested in Sarah's over-developed breasts than usual if that was possible, and Roger wanted to dance with Sarah in a dark corner and give her a cuddle and the drinks, whew, the drinks we'd all been pouring down, and Sarah didn't seem to mind being with Roger all the time. Roger doesn't dance at all with anyone until he's half stoned – so that shows just how we'd been putting it away that night. Anyway I was dancing over by the door with Alan and I came straight out with it, in my usual half slurred party voice: 'How are your balls feeling then?' And my usual sexy grin that means, look, what a big sexy girl I am. 'They're feeling trampled half to death,' he said. 'These tight trousers play hell with them.' I put my hand down on the front of his trousers actually. Blame it on the booze. 'Do they ache then?' I said. 'I wish I could take these trousers off,' he said. 'And all this dancing doesn't help either. I'm giving myself lover's balls all right.' I don't think Alan's much for dancing either, like Roger. 'Why don't we go somewhere and I can nurse them back to health,' I said. Then he looked rather startled and asked me what I'd said again. Most of what we'd already said, you see, is fairly normal for our crowd – in a joking way of course – when we're out boozing. That sort of conversation is thrown about all the time. My offer, I think, was a little out of the ordinary. So Alan gave me a long funny look and I told him what I'd said, over again. 'You're not joking are you?' he said I think he thought we had a terrifically brother and sister relationship, actually. We were all best friends, after all. He didn't seem very inclined to take me at all seriously, even though I had touched the front of his trousers. 'Yes, Alan,' I said, 'I mean it,' and I rubbed my fingers on him a little and whew, you can know a man like that for years and suddenly you realise you don't know what he's like down there at all. And Alan certainly had something I didn't want to miss, under the front of his trousers, not if I was feeling what I thought.
Quest: And were you?
Secretary: Feeling what I thought I was feeling? Yes. He's pretty well endowed is Alan and not only his testicles.
Quest: How did he get you into the garden?
Secretary: Very easily – he simply grabbed

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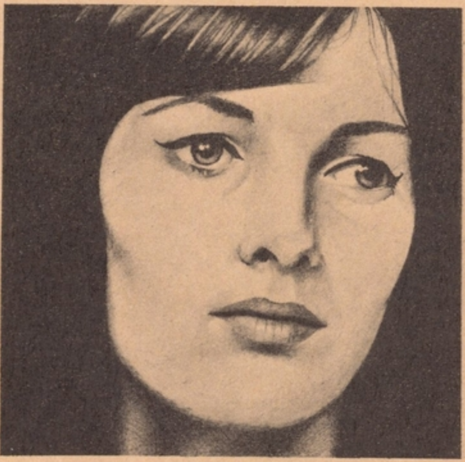


me by the hand and pulled me through the door, down the hallway and through the kitchen and we were in the garden before I'd pulled my wits together. You could hear all the music floating out across the lawn and you could see the lights and everyone dancing around inside and it was a fairly warm night so I didn't feel uncomfortable, I didn't feel cold. Thinking about it now, I'd say I didn't feel terribly unsafe or worried about Alan. In fact I was rather trembly in a little girl way about actually having a quick feel of his balls. I suppose seeing him that morning, the whole fantasy of his balls had grown out of all proportion in my sozzled brain and in a way, having a look or a quick feel didn't seem a sexy or a wrong thing to do. It's awfully difficult to explain. It seemed a harmless thing really, it seemed as though it was quite normal just to do that and then go back to the party. I'm not putting this over terribly well am I? For some reason it never entered my head that it was going to end in sex. I was just going to have a giggle with Alan and then we were going back.

Quest: What actually happened?

Secretary: That's the funny thing. It all happened so naturally. I didn't feel at all concerned or guilty. I couldn't see anything at that moment to be gulity of quite frankly. We just walked further down the garden path, Alan with his arm round my waist, just taking a stroll and I said: 'Where shall we do it, Alan?' and I giggled. 'Shall we do it here? Is this far enough? No-one can possibly see us.' And Alan said: 'Just a little further. We can go just behind this shed.' And we went round behind the shed and we hadn't so much as kissed and we were in a corner of a wall and the shed and everywhere was deserted and we could just hear the music from the party and I said: 'Well, what now?' And Alan said: 'Aren't you going to nurse my balls?' And I said: 'Yes. That's what we've come out here for.' Then he said: 'Well, aren't you going to start?' It was really amazing. It was like something out of Alice in Wonderland in a way, all dreamy and unreal. It was crazy. I said: 'Well, aren't you going to unfasten your trousers then, so I can?' So Alan did something to his trousers and we were standing there facing each other in the dark, hardly able to see a thing in front of our faces, when he caught my hand in his and led it towards him and just placed my hand on his prick, not his balls, just on his prick and then he took my other hand and cupped it under his balls, just like that, and I was just holding my hands there not completely knowing what I was doing or what was supposed to happen next as though I didn't even know what sex was about, just like a silly girl, an incredibly naive and stupid girl, and Alan said: 'Well?' Just like that, in a terribly husky voice. And the next thing he said just seemed to bring me round out of a dream. I was looking where my hands were but I could hardly see anything. I was supposed to be saying witty things and squeezing him and giving him a feel and joking about it, but suddenly I wasn't. It really felt huge. And Alan said: 'Well, is that meaty enough for you, baby?' And I could feel it twitch in my hand and suddenly it all backfired, all the teasing and joking. Not his prick. That didn't backfire. And there I was with both hands on him and I could practically taste that velvet soft salty skin and suddenly I wanted to feel him and I wanted to nurse him and rub him and make him come. I think I even wanted to kiss him there, kiss his prick, and I did I started rubbing him and feeling his skin all velvet soft slipping up and down and I was running my fingers between his testicles and his thighs and then back under his testicles and up and down his prick And I was going to bend down and put my knees on the grass and really kiss him. I really was. And he just stopped me. Like that. Pulled my hands away. I felt like an infant when someone's taken its toys away. I really did.

Quest: What happened then?

Secretary: He put his hands on my shoulders and pushed his tongue right into my mouth against my throat and started kissing me and pushing me up against the corner of the wall and the garden shed. I had on a very small party dress. Most of my shoulders were bare and my arms and there were two narrow straps that held the dress up and he pulled them right down my arms and his hands came down into the top of the dress and went straight to my breasts – no bra – I don't wear a bra at all – my breasts are on the small side actually but nice and firm – I think that's the word. I hope they are. I could feel my nipples going like buttons and I knew he was going to push me down and have me and suddenly that's what I really wanted – that beautiful strong prick and those big hairy balls all over me. He had thick hair all over his legs too actually, now I think about it, but none on his chest, none at all.

Quest: And that's when he pushed you down onto the ground?

Secretary: I think we slid – more than pushed. I was suddenly terribly wet round my fanny. Just in a moment. Suddenly, just wet, as though someone had poured treacle on me, just like that. I could feel it through my knickers and my tights. I'd taken hold of him again by his prick and this time – this time I was really working him and squeezing him and we just seemed to slide down onto the grass and I remember I wouldn't let go of him whatever happened and he'd taken his hands away from my breasts and he was tearing at my tights and I lifted my bum up and he pulled them right down and took my shoes off with them. I usually wear two pairs of knickers – one under and one over my tights – one over to look good and the ones underneath because I don't feel terribly comfortable with nylon right against my fanny. The top pair came off with the tights and the shoes but the bottom pair stayed on and we were both in such a tearing hurry and the grass was tickling my bum and I was breathing like a horse and saying all sorts of unmentionable things and wriggling my bottom and moving it up and down and panting away – and we were in such a tearing hurry, me pulling his prick out of its socket and get him into me and Alan scrabbling at my fanny with his fingers trying to open up the way and then he was right down on top of me and he'd pushed his prick right in, as if it'd split me, right up to his testicles, and yanked my knickers right down my bum and I think I'm overdeveloped down there because I'm terribly wide. There's a gap between the top of my thighs and I'm terribly wide and sometimes I don't have an orgasm at all because I'm so wide. But with Alan – whew, it was astonishing. I thought I was going to die in paradise with Alan. He made long straight strokes and then small round circular movements and I was jerking my bum up and down off the grass and moaning at him and he was leaning on his hands by my shoulders and trying to kiss my breasts and breathing like a horse too and he stll had his trousers halfway down his legs and in the end I wrapped my legs round him and a second after that I came – and so beautifully. And Alan just went on and on and it happened again and I kept my legs wrapped round him so he'd have to come right in me. I think some women can feel it and some can't. I can and just thinking of it spurting up inside me makes me come too. It's so safe isn't it – with the Pill. You don't have to worry about anything.

Quest: Except being found out.

Secretary: We never were. Not that we've done it again. We haven't. We still have our jokey clownish relationship.

Three **Housewife, 38 years old, dark haired, town of origin Plymouth**

This interviewee had been twice married. She had been divorced from her first husband after four years and had been married to her second husband, a company director and ten years her senior, for seven years. There were no children.

Quest: You find younger men sexually attractive?

Housewife: Oh, I'm sure many – now, what do they call us – more mature women? – I'm sure we do, in exactly the same way many mature men find bright young girls with their hard youthful bodies, sexually attractive too.

Quest: But this wasn't a passing fancy. You had known John for some time?

Housewife: And quite honestly, he really wasn't so young as I think you're trying to make out. He was twenty-three at least and that isn't very much more of an age difference than that between my husband and myself. As for knowing John, that has very little to do with it. I found him a very good looking young man with a very alluring body and quite honestly he rather forced himself on me – in a very charming way.

Quest: But you did leave yourself open to his advances.

Housewife: Certainly I did. I had never dreamed I would ever be in a position or a frame of mind to have sex with him, but then suddenly I was and it all happened rather suddenly and frantically too.

Quest: Can you tell me how?

Housewife: I'd known Penny for several years actually – Penny is John's wife. In fact I'd known her long before she married John. I think she's possibly several years older than John, possibly twenty-five or twenty-six. Of course when she married John I met him and I thought how very attractive he was then. He had just left one of those teacher training colleges and he was teaching at one of our local schools. They lived quite close and I used to see quite a lot of Penny. Actually they've moved away from here now, but then, that first year, John, being a teacher was able to work his Christmas holiday for the Post Office and it was possibly fate that brought him delivering to my front door. Normally I wouldn't open the front door to the postman unless for a parcel but the first morning my husband had left only a minute or so previously and when the bell rang I thought he must have come back because he'd forgotten his keys or something else. So I opened the door in a considerably less modest state than I would normally have done.

Quest: And what state was that?

Housewife: In a rather daring negligee.

Quest: How daring?

Housewife: Transparent enough for my rather heavy breasts to be fairly visible and short enough for my matching panties to be visible too. The strange aspect was, I was so surprised that John was delivering the mail I completely forgot to cover myself up and John was surprised too – at the time. His eyes fairly popped. He seemed very nervous, handed me my letters and walked off down the garden path. It really didn't occur to me until the third morning just what the expression in his eyes had meant and it rather came to me out of the blue and when I realised how he'd been looking at me and the way he'd stared at my – my fuller figure? – I felt quite tingly with excitement. If I hadn't been mistaken, that look in his eyes was one of quite frank sexual longing. That morning I was waiting by the door and when the letters came through I opened it and caught him before he disappeared round the corner of the house and asked him in for a quick cup of coffee. I'm afraid I was shamelessly in my negligee again. John hummed and hawed for a moment but said he was rather late with his deliveries and I suggested he might call back when he'd finished for a celebratory Christmas drink. He said he'd see how quickly he could finish his round and he'd pop back. He was back an hour later and that was more or less how it happened.

Quest: You prepared yourself in some way before he came back?

Housewife: I was already wearing my negligee and its little matching panties – oh, and of course my long black dressing gown over the top – I really didn't wish him to see everything when I opened the door that morning.

Quest: When John came back, what happened?

Housewife: I'd cheated I'm afraid. I'd helped myself quite liberally to the sherry and of course with each drink I felt rather more sexy than the last. By the time John came back I was in quite a brazen enough state to not really care whether my dressing gown was open or not, even whether he could see my breasts through my nightie – or worse.

Quest: Or worse?

Housewife: Perhaps my panties were rather tight. I'd been wriggling about on the sofa for an hour and rather masochistically pulling them up between my bottom and around my furry little pussy and rather writhing with pleasure at the tightness – perhaps I was revealing just a little of my fur down there.

Quest: When you opened the door to him you were sexually aroused?

Housewife: To be perfectly honest I was very aroused. That is the only way I can explain my rather odd behaviour because when John came in I took him to the lounge by the arm and sat him down opposite me and gave him his drink and rather flung my legs about. My dressing gown was completely open, my breasts were clearly visible through my nightgown and I was opening and closing my legs and crossing them and desperately trying to think of some way of bringing the rather strained conversation round to something more interesting. In fact, it was when I went to pour us fresh drinks that I brushed against John rather heavily and spilt a little drink on his trouser knee. I bent down to brush it away and I could see that John was staring hard down the front of my negligee and could obviously see my breasts swinging about inside and of course I did brush his knee rather longer and more gently than was necessary. I caught a glimpse of something very exciting moving under the front of his flies and I was very tempted to spill some more drink closer to home. That turned out to be completely unnecessary. I think the way I bent over the drinks table finally convinced him. I managed to bend over much further than I needed and cleverly brush my dressing gown aside and present John with a picture of my bottom with my small matching panties pulled very hard up into the crease of my bottom. The next thing I knew John had leapt up from his chair and had come behind me and clamped his hands firmly over my breasts and was pressing himself hard against my bottom. What actually happened then was not exactly the way I had planned it. I had expected him to turn me round and begin to kiss me and then very gently and properly, make love. Instead, as I placed my own hands over his, over my breasts, he began to kiss my neck and my ear and made me feel so trembly and so weak and as he did so he took one hand away and he must have unzipped himself because I felt my panties being pulled down my bottom and John's hand coming through between my legs from behind. I was leaning with my hands on the table by this time and before I could straighten up, John had put two or three fingers right into me and was working me up terribly effectively, so effectively I remained where I was with my panties round my ankles and my rather generous bottom completely offered to his fingers. Then John took his other hand from my breasts and I looked down between my own thighs and watched him guide his rather delicious looking weapon beneath my bottom and between my thighs right to my pussy and I put my fingers through and held my lips apart for him and helped guide him into pussy. Then he started, bringing one hand back up to my breasts and the other helping him between my thighs and I leant on the table and the table shook and quivered and the drinks glasses rattled and banged and several of them fell to the floor and my whole body was trembling and swaying and jerking backwards and forwards and the dear boy pulled himself out before he climaxed and turned me round and asked me to stroke him gently until he was ready again and I suggested we go up to the bedroom and there we both undressed completely and climbed in and made love properly.

Quest: This happened just once?

Housewife: Three times. There was that morning and the two following. It was really quite unbelievable, like all the stories you hear of randy housewives waiting for the milkman, and their daily pint. I'd never have believed it could have happened to me.

Quest: Was it always the same?

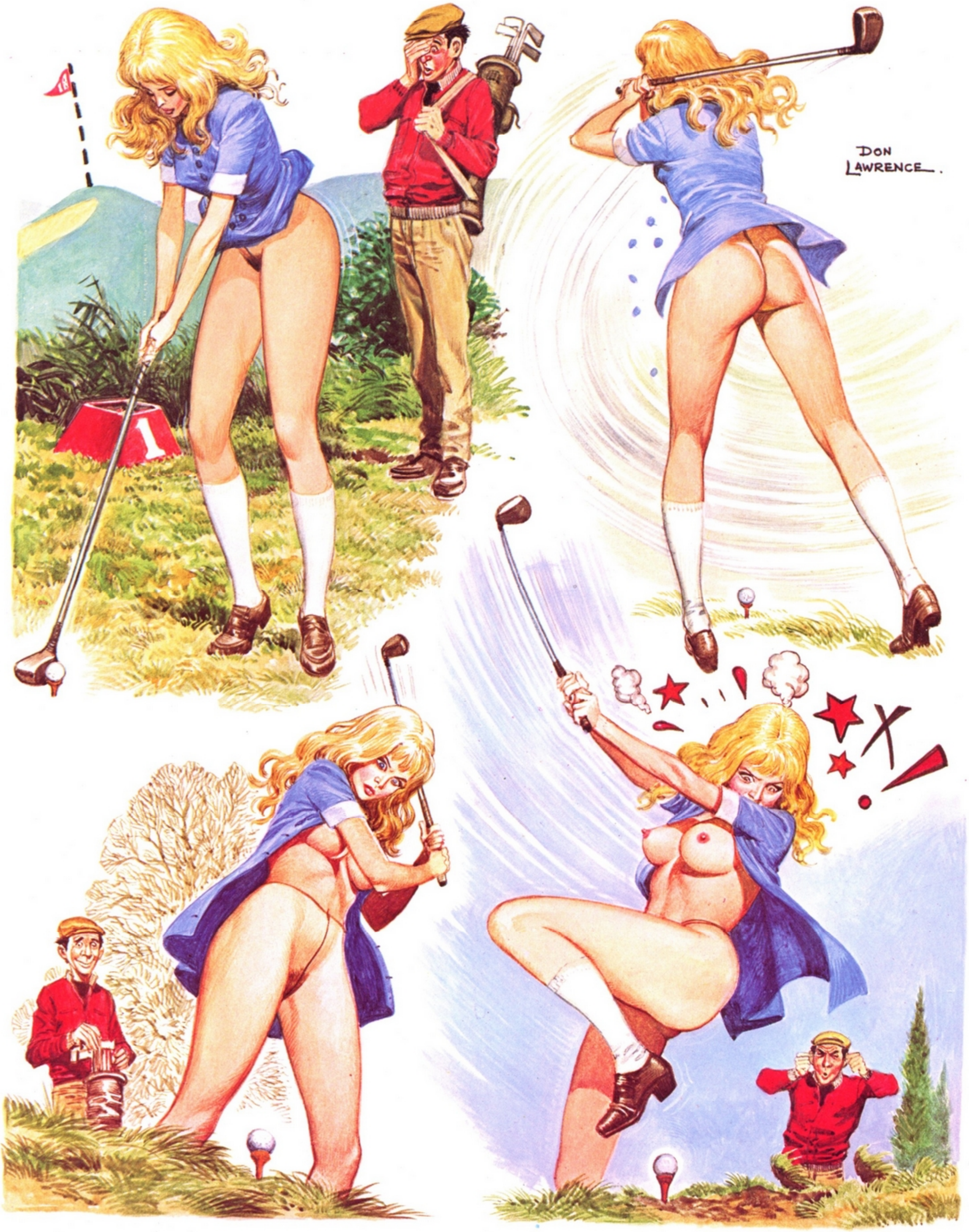
Housewife: No. I mean we did it from behind once more, but lying down this time. It's more comfortable that way. I also climbed on top of John and guided him into me from underneath. That was absolutely marvellous. It made me feel *abused*, if you know what I mean. Utterly female. I hadn't been made to feel that way for a long time.

Quest: Did you see him again after the third time?

Housewife: That was when it occurred to me what we were actually doing. I began to worry what John would be like when I saw him with his wife. But I think he felt the same way. I saw Penny a couple of times, but never him. The last I heard they had moved away. I believe it was because of his job, but of course the thought was always there in the back of my mind that his wife might have found out was going on. Perhaps in the long run it's just as well they did move away, because it would have been awful if our secret had escaped.

CARRIE

Peeping Tom, Dick and
Harry strike unlucky
when Carrie plays golf


DON
LAWRENCE.

1

Things happen after a badedas bath

(they say it's got something to do with the horse chestnuts)

Welcoming waters, foamy, green and exciting. Heady with the mysterious magic of horse chestnuts. A fresh, invigorating sensation. A powerful lust for living. You might call it Lebenslust, if you happen to know the word. (But Badedas says it better.) ***badedas***

The most stimulating thing since bathing itself – with extract of horse chestnuts.

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VITA BATH GELEE
For Foam Baths and Showers
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MAYFAIR'S

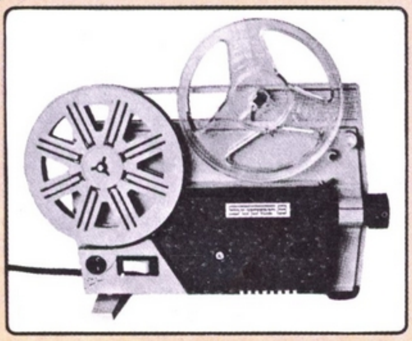
No matter how you like your girls, at least one film in Mayfair's Film Society has something to please your tastes. There's five absolutely gorgeous girls. That's five different shapes, and five different sizes.

Latest addition to the Mayfair Film Society is that delectable Bournemouth beauty queen, Penny Mallett. Filmed at London's Latin Quarter night club, she plays a distressed beauty queen. Distressed because the other girls in the contest are so jealous that they cut up Penny's costume and there she is, stuck starkers. But Penny isn't beaten. A polythene laundry bag sets her initiative running wild and soon she's clad in a sexy transparent bikini. Before Penny came air-hostess Sophie who spills her duty free drink all over her on a train journey. With her crisp clean uniform soaking she decides to change on the train, with startling results. Contrasting the tall slim Sophie are the warm, well-rounded features of Victoria Jane, who decides that her pet dog needs a wash. Watch the soap suds go everywhere as she goes about it. If you like them big and black there's Sylvia Bayo. Her huge breasts and full sensuous lips could turn on an ice cube. And for the man who likes the old-fashioned blonde type we have pert, Monroeish Caroline Dell. Mayfair colour films let you see our girls in living, moving colour. They are approximately 100 feet long and each costs **£6.40.** All the films are 8 mm but there is a choice of Super 8 or Standard 8. Please check which one will fit your projector and if you are buying a new projector, remember Super 8 machines give a larger image.

CAROLINE *Pert and pretty Caroline Dell as she appeared as Mayfair's Girl of the Year in Vol. 4 No. 12*

SYLVIA *Delicious and dusky Sylvia Bayo displaying her charms in Vol. 5 No. 1. Clothes just can't contain Sylvia*

With five full colour films available to you through the



FANTASTIC MOVIE PROJECTOR OFFER

Our great new projector is currently available to Mayfair readers for the bargain price of just £13.50. Packed in a special case, it comes complete with its own wall hung screen. Look around your local photographic store, and we are sure you won't find another projector with these features at the same price. It gives a needle-sharp image from 8 mm stock – making it ideal not only for Mayfair Film Society features, but for your home movies as well. Mains operated, it is finished in tough plastic and features an easy self-threading device. The screen measures 24″ by 17″ and rolls up for storage. A larger image can be projected on any light surface such as a wall or white sheeting. Note: due to high postal rates this offer can apply to the United Kingdom only.

FABULOUS FIVE

PENNY *The perfection of Penny Mallett as she appears on film, clothed in polythene*

SOPHIE *Sophisticated Sophie losing her air-hostess uniform on film number four*

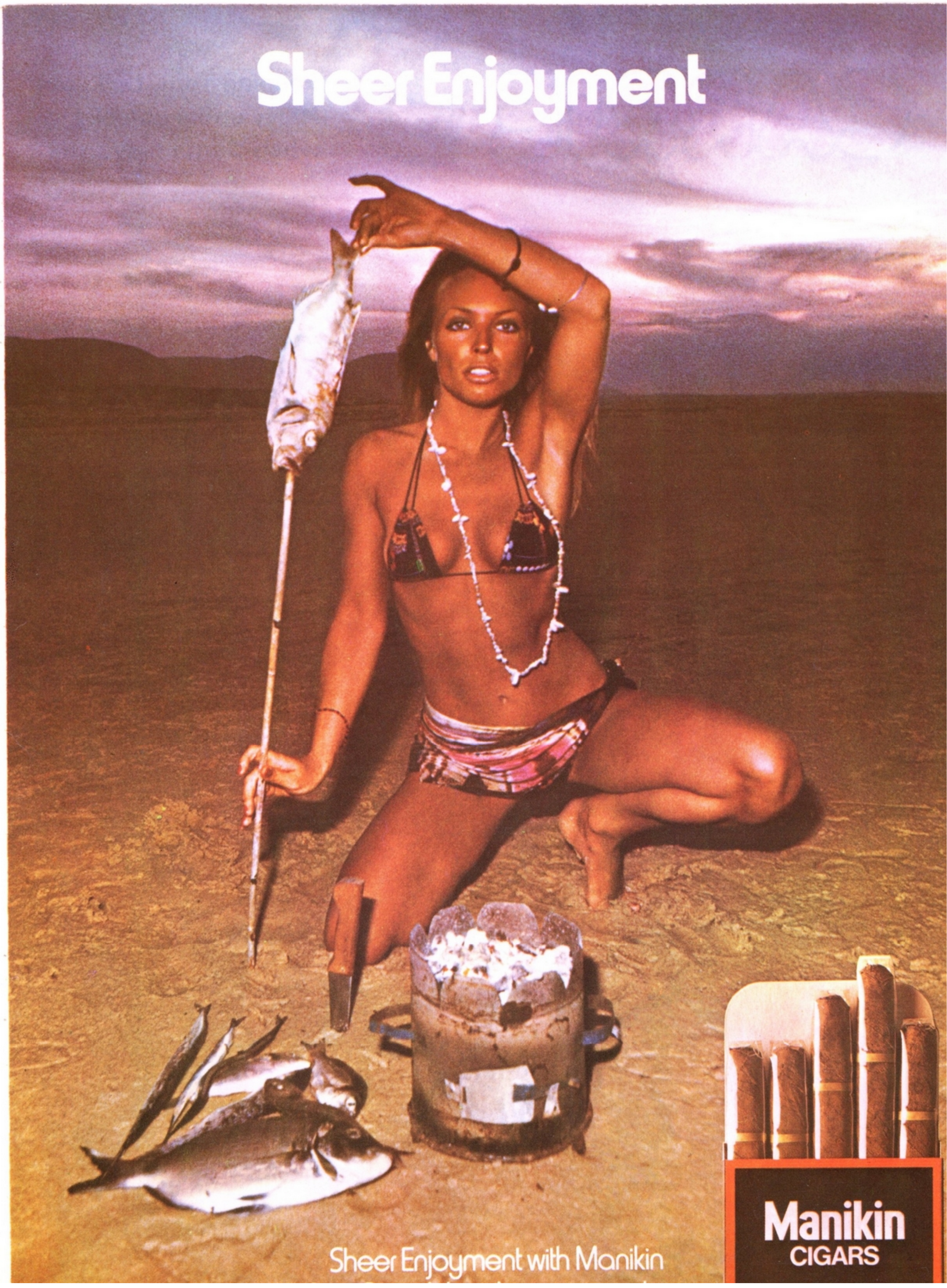
VICTORIA *Victoria Jane, as she was in Mayfair's Vol. 6 No. 5*

Mayfair Film Society, every possible taste in dolly appreciation is amply catered for

To MAYFAIR FILM SOCIETY, 95A CHANCERY LANE, WC2
Please send me Victoria Jane/Caroline Dell/Sylvia Bayo/hostess Sophie/Penny Mallett film(s) (delete whichever does not apply). I would like Standard 8mm/Super 8mm (delete whichever does not apply).
I enclose cheque/postal order for..

Please send me..................Standard 8/Super 8 Projector(s). I enclose cheque/postal order for............................
Name..(I am over 18)
Address ....
.... Date.................................. M.94

If you do not wish to cut your magazine, we shall be happy to receive your order on plain paper. Don't forget to specify exactly which film you want. Block capitals throughout, please. **Reg. London No. 875169.**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